THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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SARSFIELD'S STRONGHOLD.

Miss Banim Writes a Charmingly Sketchy Letter About the New and Old Limerick.

Interesting Gossip About the Celebrated Catherine Hayes.

FUNERALS IN LIMERICK.

In the county Limerick there is a curious custom at funerals, the custom being connected with an old superstition. If there are more burials than one to take place on the same day there is the greatest haste and commotion as the processions near the graveyard, each trying hard to be first in, because the last person buried has the hard task of drawing water for all the other dead buried in that spot (think of what that must be in a churchyard centuries old!), and is not relieved of his task until such time as some newly-departed soul comes among them. Let no stranger, then, who learn this hard case, think there is any indecency about the matter when he sees a Munster funeral procession hurrying at a smart pace along a country road. The apparent unseemliness is anxiety to save a departed friend from such labor.

"Good gracious!"

"It's only the pigs, agra, coming from Kilrush, to be made Limerick bacon of."

"Fast they come, fast they come—see how they gather." Pigs—and pigs—and pigs—and still pigs. What a curious sound all that multitude of crubeens makes; a sort of soft, flowing, patter-patter-patter. Traffic ceases; country gentlemen stop quietly to look, with a careful, calculating, speculative glance of the eye and turn of the head—a something deferential in the air, too—somewhat like the mein of people before whom royalty passes. The ladies stand inside the warehouse doors, but there is no scorn or disgust in their faces; everyone waits while the tide of the wealth of Limerick flows on—down George's street and up Roche's street to one or other of the great curing yards, where, in a few hours, this great wave (as everything is now called) of pigs will be turned into sides of bacon.

It is curious and uncomfortable to think of this and watch the mass of living creatures thronging on to execution, full of their own queer ways to the last—eagerly inquiring into every object they pass; managing, in spite of the care of half a dozen drovers, to show all a pig's originality and natural independence of character. Just see those three. What but pigs would calmly insist that the shortest and best way up street was between those two carriage horses, or under the carriage, and out between the wheels? It would come to much the same thing to have them killed now as ten minutes hence, yet a thrill of horror goes through all the bystanders; the excitement is intense and the relief general when it is seen that the thoroughbred steeds do not budge so much as a hoof, and the porkers are safe.

"You'll never be drowned if your born to be hanged!" ejaculated a bystander.

And see that little fair haired pig—the smart, neat little one, quite a beau among pigs:

HE HAS MET A FRIEND.

Yes, here in the strange city he has met a dear friend and stops, with a whisk of the curly tail and a pleased grunt, to put up his snout with an unmistakable "Arrah, then, is that yourself, Neddy aroon?" to the donkey standing over against the grocers at the corner, the donkey bending down his nose and pricking his ears in unmistakable pleasure. It's little they know!

The tide flows on up Roche's street, but, unless we wish to follow and see the wonderful modern ways of painless killing and the curing of all these creatures, there is little to attract one in Roche's street. That big black spaniel does not think so, though. Every day, and twice a day, he inspects the various butchers' shops (he knows at which the best meat is sold too) and the poulterers', and then, having done his marketing, home he trots with his prize, carefully treading his way among people and dogs, and neither looking to the right nor to the left until he reaches Mallow street. He has strange taste in his food, sometimes choosing a rabbit skin, sometimes a trotter with the wool on. I watched for him every day; grew curious to know what would he have that day for luncheon—what for dinner—and felt in the end such a friendship for him that I followed him until he halted on the steps of a very fine house, looked at me earnestly and steadily, and I understood him to say—"You see what a respectable householder I am." I could not help wishing he did not eat rabbit skins, and that the butchers would kindly take the wool off the trotters for him, for these, though they may be his taste, are not wholesome.

It is astonishing how calmly the George's street cats take all the noise and bustle that go on beneath them as they sleep or sit and blink in the sun, or take long rambles from end to end of the wide edges above the shops, ledges evidently intended for the beautifying of the street with ferns and plants, but now given up to the cats, who there walk from house to house, look in at all the windows, enter every open window and inspect. Several of them evidently thought that afternoon milk ought to be going on where a pretty afternoon tea set is always laid out in an open window, but is never used. Cat after cat I have seen gingerly walking on that china tray, sniffing the milk pot, the sugar basin, every cup, and then turn away—so disappointed. Milk, real milk, with cream in it, is only 2d per quart in Limerick—a little left now and then in that cream jug would be very nice for cats.

Below in the streets traffic grows quicker, the throngs of well dressed citizens and county folk mingle with the peasantry from counties Limerick, Clare and Tipperary—all adjacent counties. A few yards lower down, where Roche's street branches off, wide open doors reveal distant lights and kneeling figures in the interior of what is apparently but an ordinary building. This, in the present day, is

THE AUGUSTINIAN CHURCH.

It was originally a theatre, built as such in 1810; in 1822 it was purchased by the Augustinian Fathers, and was by them converted into a church. The galleries remain as in the theatrical days, and under the church the old cock pit can yet be seen.

A little lower down is the County Club, where county and city gentlemen meet, I suppose as at all clubs, and conduct a good deal of what is commonly supposed to be only indulged in by women—gossip. Here, too, the officers of whatever regiments happen to be in Limerick lounge and rest from their hard labor in the field of —— tennis. A more earnest, constant, indefatigable set of men, with a more thorough knowledge of all the tactics of lawn tennis, her Majesty does not possess. They never seemed to shirk duty. Where the fair enemy was strongest, and where balls flew thickest, all the summer they were there—steady, unflinching, in the van of every pleasure.

Here are several of those great emporiums of dress, furniture, china, bric-a-brac—those comparatively few vast shops that have ruined the legitimate trade of the many in all our cities. They are certainly very attractive and ornamental to the streets; that is the best that can be said of them, in spite of all that is urged about enterprise. They remind me of a trade, now extinct in Limerick, once a prominent feature of its business—the manufacture of gloves; a manufacture that was considerably so early as 1698, and was still carried on, though on a limited scale up to 1840, or thereabouts. In the youthful days of the last generation it was customary for swains making a trip to Limerick from distant parts of the country to bring home to their lady friends souvenirs of Limerick in the shape of chamois gloves, fine as gossamer, each pair made up in a walnut shell. I have in my possession some pairs of these quaint souvenirs, and have often fitted them on, wondering the while at their exceeding fineness and their usefulness. At the end of George's street the full length of modern Limerick has been traversed; the narrowing streets opposite and a long, winding way leading eastward show that the old city is close at hand—the old historic city, such a world in itself that it must be taken separately.

We will, then, turn down Turf quay, which, unromantic as is its name, is a place to linger in with delight. No one with the faintest love for the beautiful could fail to linger in this spot; for here, sudddenly turning out of the bustle of the busy city, we come on one of the loveliest scenes of the Shannon. Before us, the river has broadened out in the basin beside the tall houses of the old town, which here—particularly at night—resemble a scene in Venice. The houses rise almost out of the shining water, their masses of stone and brick many colored and softened by the hand of time, and warmed by the southwestern sun that lights the whole scene. On the left of the bank is

THOMOND GATE,

a historic district of Limerick, actually in the county Clare, for here the Shannon alone divides the two counties. Northwards the river flows on—away by Limerick Castle, two of whose grey towers are before us, and are shadowed by the trees of old Saint Munchin's Within. The King's Island shows green beyond, and the wide river still glistens far on, almost reflecting in its depths the hills and woods of Cratloe and the mountains above O'Brien's Bridge. Towards us flow the Rapids of Curraghgower, with a white cloud of sea birds forever flitting above their foam, or floating on the still water near the Rapids, at the spot where the Abbey River—an arm of the Shannon—turns aside and keeps on, ever flowing above the buried silver bells. The resemblance to Venice is heightened by the many barks and boats lying along the tide, some of them curious little pointed skiffs in which the boatmen stand and scull the little craft across the water, with graceful movement no gondolier could surpass.

It is a charming view to gaze on, but the corporation provide no seats for those who love to rest and enjoy the beauty of the scene, or who desire to sketch one of the prettiest views in Limerick. Still, it is not so very difficult to find a resting place, one, too, so kindly provided that an additional "sunny memory" attaches to Turf (or Honan's) quay when we look back to it. A drawing of the spot was made while, in the place in my memory where kind acts are recorded, I noted the courtesy of two simple boatmen from Carrig-a-holt, who were busily lading their craft with goods. Without a word they saw what was wanted, and with a cheery "Wait one minute, ladies," quickly arranged a high box for a table, two lower ones as seats, and then quickly withdrew to a short distance. Each time we asked if our stay delayed their work—"not at all, none in the world. The tide would serve two hours later, and a rest was good for man and beast." Only to accept their kindness really seems to delight our people, so long as we show that it is appreciated as kindness, not taken as our right.

Reluctantly turning our backs on the ancient town, we stroll along the quay, returning now parallel with George street, but this time by the water's edge; taking here and there a glance at life on board the barges and various craft moored along the quay, then stepping aside at Sarsfield—formerly Wellesly—Bridge, once again to enjoy the lovely views both up and down the Shannon, and to admire a graceful statue of Viscount Fitzgibbon, who fell at Balaklava.

Continuing our walk by the river, a little father on a high garden wall, abutting on the wharf reminds us of a name long connected with Limerick, and of the sad history of its owner,

CATHERINE HAYES,

the "Swan of Erin" of some forty years ago.

The garden wall is that of the Protestant Bishop's residence, a large house fronting the next street, Henry street, a thoroughfare running the length of the new town, in a line with George street, and between the latter and the quays. The Bishop's house is a fine one, but gloomy, from its situation in the midst of and facing great, ugly storehouses, unrelieved by ivy or any green thing.

The story of Catherine Hayes commenced in the garden of the Bishop's house where, as a little child, she used to visit the housekeeper, the friend of Catherine's mother, who lived in Patrick street, where she carried on her trade as a straw bonnet maker. The little girl was what all true singers must be, a born musician, and would sit in the Bishop's garden of an evening, warbling away in imitation of and in friendly company with the birds. Listening, himself unseen, to the child's sweet voice, the then Bishop conceived the idea of having her educated as a public singer. It was a thought prompted by kindness, but perhaps, as often happens in such cases, it would have been well for Catherine Hayes had she been left to her humble but peaceful mediocrity. She became celebrated as singer and actress in most of the foreign capitals, in America and Australia, while at home she was both admired and respected, for she was sincerely good and kind; yet her life was rendered most unhappy by the jealousies of rival musicians and by an ill assorted marriage. She weakly consented to marry a man for whom she had no affection, simply because he actually persecuted her with his addresses until she accepted him. This, at least, is the story as I have heard it in Catherine Hayes' native town. Certain it is that, although amiable, admired and successful in a pecuniary sense, she had a most unhappy life. She realised a large fortune by her voice, which was marvelously sweet and sympathetic, but still those yet living in her native city who knew her well always say of her, "Poor Catherine Hayes!"

To day the Bishop's residence is associated with the name of a poet, Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, son of the present Protestant bishop. Mr. Graves' "Father O'Flynn" has gained wide popularity in Ireland among the people, who, somehow, have the unerring gift of feeling when there is a true ring in song and poem.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

TO MISS INEZ CARUSI,

The Great Irish-American Singer and Harpist.

O Miss Carusi!
You are the deuce! I
Am puzzled greatly because of you,
For you sing our music
As a Carty or Cusick
Born in the old sod is want to do.

But devil a Carty,
Cusick or Harty
I ever heard in my born days
Can equal you, Miss,
In faith 'tis true, Miss,
When your sweet voice pours out forth Irish lays

And when you utter
Without a splutter
Our Gaelic dear on your ready tongue,
We think 'twas Kerry,
Or Cork or Derry
That gave you nurture when you were young.

I'd rather your chanson
Than a floor to dance on
With fifty pipers and their arms so strong
Blowing their bellows
Like lusty fellows,—
Far dearer to me is your harp and song.

My soul to glory!
But I think the story
Is somewhat true that I hear men tell:
They say you were born
On a sun-bright morn
In that dear island we love so well.

But glorious singer!
I am no stinger,
And won't say anything to make you mad:
We won't be fightin';—
If you first saw light in
Old Pluto's regions you'd make them glad!

You've shown us clearly
That we should love dearly
Our own sweet music to the end of time,—
That 'tis nobler, sweeter,
And for us meeter
Than the choicest strains of aught other clime.

SEACHRAN.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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ROMAN ECHOES.

The Papal Court—Impressive Ceremonies at the Thirteenth Annual Celebration of Pope Leo's Coronation.

"Buffalo Bill," the Indians, the Cowboys and the British Ambassador Present.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Sunday the Holy Father received the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, the Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates, and members of the Noble Pontifical Court, to congratulate his Holiness on the occasion of his eighty-first birthday, in the throne room. Cardinal Monaco La Valletta, as dean of the Sacred College, made a speech offering their congratulations to the Pope on the happy occasion, to which the Sovereign Pontiff answered in a speech of about twenty minutes duration. After the usual compliments, and thanking them for their kind wishes, he spoke of the social question, condemning socialism, and said that true progress was always in accordance with true Christian principles, the church being contrary only to error and not to true progress, of which it is always the champion. He then referred to the duties of Christian families of which he had spoken in the late encyclical letter, and to his position in Rome, saying it was incumbent on the Christian princes to see that the head of the church was in a position to carry out all the functions and duties of his position freely without hindrance in the discharge of them.

THE CORONATION CEREMONY.

On Monday, the thirteenth anniversary of the coronation of his Holiness Leo XIII, the usual function in the Sistine chapel took place. The chapel was crowded to an extraordinary degree, as also the grand ducal hall and the regal hall. A great object of interest was the presence of the Indians and members of "Buffalo Bill's" troupe in the ducal hall, the Holy Father having given orders that all were to be admitted to witness the procession of the Holy Father, attended by the members of the papal court, from the chamber of the robes to the Sistine chapel, in which Colonel Cody, generally known as "Buffalo Bill," and some of the leading members of his "Wild West" troup had prominent positions. The occasion was a particularly remarkable one for the "cowboys" and Indians, as the greater part of them are Catholics. At 10:30 a. m., the Holy Father, vested in full pontificals and wearing the triple crown or tiara, was carried in the gestatorial chair in solemn procession from the chamber of the robes through the grand ducal hall, wending their way through the regal hall and up the sistine chapel to the altar at the end. The Pope was preceded by the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, the Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates, and other dignitaries of the Pontifical Court, and the Prince Orsini, assistant at the Pontifical Throne. The mass was celebrated by Cardinal Melchers, as Chancellor of the Sacred College for the present year. Among the numerous persons who had the honor of assisting at the interesting and sacred function were his Eminence the Grand Master of

THE SOVEREIGN ORDER OF MALTA,

with the knights accredited to his court, the members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See; among whom I especially noticed General Sir J. Lintorn Simmons, representative of Great Britain, and his secretary, Major Ross, of Bladensburg, of the Goldstream Guards, both in dress uniform; the Roman and foreign nobility were well represented, as well as the patrician families of many nations. Among the ladies in the right tribune the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ara, the wife of the British Ambassador to the Quirinal, assisted at the ceremony. After the ceremony the Holy Father returned to the chamber of the robes, in the gestatorial chair, attended, as upon entering, by the different members composing the Pontifical Court. Before entering the Sistine chapel his Holiness deigned to receive in a special audience the commander of the Noble Guard, the officers of the same corps, ann then commanders of the Swiss and Palatine Guards, all of whom presented to him their congratulations for the festive occasion of his coronation.

IN THE THRONE ROOM

the Supreme Pontiff was pleased to receive, for the same purpose, the corps of the Noble Guard, and in the adjoining chambers the officers of the other corps composing the Guards of the Apostolic Palaces. On Sunday morning, the Holy Father was pleased to admit to his august presence all those attached to the new Observatory at the Vatican. The illustrious Father Denza, the director, had the honor of presenting to his Holiness the Rev. Father Lais, vice-director, Prof. Buti, Cav. Mannucci, Signor de Andreis and Father Cominelli, all assistants at the Observatory. The Holy Father was pleased to express the pleasure he felt at the work having already begun, and addressed to them some kind words of encouragement and benevolence. Thousands of telegrams of congratulation have been received by the Holy Father for the occasion of the anniversary of his coronation from all parts of the globe. During the week the various members of the Roman nobility and patrician families were admitted to the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff to convey to him also their congratulations. To commemorate the same filicitious occasion the Pope has authorized an offering of two thousand francs to be given to the commission of the soup kitchen of St. Peter's Club for the aid of the indigent applicants who receive aid from the above club. On Friday the Holy Father attended by the members of the Sacred College and the Pontifical Court, assisted at the third of the Lenten sermons of Father Francis, of Loreto.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF ITALIAN BISHOPS.

His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars has addressed a circular letter to the members of the Italian Episcopacy with regard to an annual conference to be held by them. The object of the circular was moved by many of the Archbishops and Bishops of the southern Peninsula, who represented to the Holy Father the great and extraordinary advantages such a conference would produce for the cause of religion in Italy, similar to that which was held by them in 1849 in several provinces of the church states. The Holy Father has acceeded to their wishes, and has ordered the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars to invite the Italian Episcopate to put into practice these provincial conference or synods. For the holding of the above conferences, Italy has been divided into sixteen regions.

BRAZIL AND THE HOLY SEE.

The contents of the official relation forwarded to the Secretary of State to his Holiness on the condition of the church in Brazil under the newly provised revolutionary government has been handed over to the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, which was much pleased with the glowing and encouraging accounts it contained of amelioration of the church in Brazil since the fall of the Imperial government. I have further been informed on most reliable authority that the above Congregation have advised the Holy Father to accede to the request put forward in the same report concerning the sending out of religious orders to undertake the charge of schools, and especially the capuchins.

THE CARDINAL-VICAR AND ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

On the last day of February the distribution of prizes took place at the schools instituted at the English Convent of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, in Via San Sebastiano. His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar General to his Holiness, at whose special request the above English and Italian schools were established by these good Sisters, presided. After the exhibition and distribution of prizes, Mgr. Campbell, rector of the Scots College and Protector of the convent made a short speech, thanking his Eminence for finding time among his pressing and manifold duties to show the great interest he always takes in English Catholics and in these schools in particular, which were founded at his special request and under his patronage, by his presence on that joyous occasion for the young hearts who gained their well earned laurels, and in presiding at the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors. In reply to which the Cardinal Vicar said: "'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' says Our Divine Savior. It is indeed a great pleasure to me to find myself here in the midst of you: it is a duty, an obedience to the words of that Divine Master Whom we must all strive to imitate. It is a happy coincidence that this beautiful day in which has been established canonically in Rome the Confraternity of

OUR LADY OF RANSOM,

should be chosen for your distribution of prizes, that today the Vicar of Christ should vouchsafe to give you his blessing; that Vicar who so much loves infancy, childhood, and youth. It is only natural that I, the representative of Christ's Vicar should bring that blessing to this institute of English Sisters, who are so good, pious, and modest, and to this house (founded by a worthy and generous gentleman), and to this school which I have seen commence and prosper. I trust that this Benediction will aid to draw closer the religious union between Rome and England, because the Catholics of Rome are strongly united in religion with the Catholics of England, who venerate our St. Gregory the Great as their protector, one of our most illustrious saints, who sent to them the religion of Christ. We all know that between Rome and the Catholics of the civilized nations of the world the union is very great. We can see this from the numbers of them that visit Rome more especially the English and French. This union is so great that when these pilgrims are coming to Rome they say they are coming to their own city, to their own home. And now I will give to the good religious, the pupils of the school, and to all here present the Apostolic Benediction." The Cardinal Vicar then imparted the Apostolic Benediction to the kneeling audience, after which they separated for their respective homes.

Among the many who were present, besides the Cardinal Vicar and Mgr. Campbell, I noticed Archbishop O'Callaghan; Mgr. Catter, Southwark; Mr. Fullerton, the worthy and generous gentleman referred to by his Eminence; Fathers Bannin and Witmee, respectively General and Procurator General of the Pious Society of Missions; Father Arkell, P. S. M., Father Cardella, S. J., Count and Countess Colacicchi, Countess Kinsky, Mrs. Charles Smith and her daughter, Madame Prunetti, Mrs. Russell and the Misses Russell, Mr. Algar L. Thorold, Mr. Leigh, Miss Mactavish, Mr. and Mrs. Bethell, and many more.

BUFFALO BILL IN ROME.

The chief topic of interest which has absorbed to itself all the excitement of the last three weeks nearly, has been the presence among us of Buffalo Bill's Wild West, with Indians, cowboys, bucking-horses and last though by no means least, Buffalo Bill himself, who was without reserve "the cynosure of neighboring eyes" and the great central attraction of the whole affair. The representation was the same as in London, Paris and all the other various places which Col. Cody and his entertaining troupe have visited since he first started the business; hence, I shall here only relate things of special interest which happened here in connection with his troupe and their representations.

DEATH OF ONE OF THE INDIANS.

In the troupe there are about seventy-five Indians altogether, six of whom are Indian policemen in the pay of the United States government, to which they are directly responsible for the conduct of the Indians while roaming about the world. On Sunday night, it appears that one of these policemen, a stalwart giant of about 32 years of age, had taken his turn as night watchman at the Indian part of the camp, so therefore went to rest instead of accompanying the others to the Vatican. When they returned from seeing the Pope his companions found him dead from heart disease. The Indians being a very superstitious race, this unfortunate accident during their absence at the Vatican made a very great and painful impression upon them. The funeral took place the next day, the body being accompanied to the cemetery by his companions and several students of the American College, the Vice-Rector of which performed the funeral service.

JAPAN AND THE HOLY SEE.

Japan is going ahead well in the cause of civilization and religion. The Holy See has deemed it advisable to establish the hierarchy in Sapan to replace the present government of the church there by prefects-apostolic. This is a very important step, and shows the great progress the church must be making in the far east of Asia.

FROM NEW YORK.

Tweed Days Again—Steinway Hall to Go—Holy Week.

NEW YORK, March 31—When the grand jury and the senate investigating committee began a fortnight ago to scratch the surface of official crookedness, little did anyone dream that they would unearth as much corruption as has been laid bare within the last few days. The revelations are simply astounding, and as remarked by all, have no parallel, except those of the palmy days of Tweed. I will not attempt, in this short space, to go into details, as it would require pages to do so.

The grand jury has made a presentment in which the frauds and abuses in the sheriff's office were denounced unsparingly. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been wrongfully obtained from the public there during the past five years. Indictments have been found almost by the score, and there is good prospect that justice will be meted out.

Steinway hall, for a long time past one of the great music halls of the city, is to go out of existence as such on May 1. It was built by the Steinways in 1866, at a cost of $260,000. Its only rival, for large concerts and other similar exhibitions, until late years, was the Academy of Music. Chickering hall, the property of the rival piano firm, is comparatively small and unsuited for any great performance. Nevertheless, we will not be inconvenienced on this account, as we still have the Metropolitan Opera House, where all such exhibitions are now given. The latter has also the advantage in location, for modern purposes, as it is over a mile further uptown. The remodeling by the Steinways of their famous building does not indicate failing fortunes by any means, as they are prosperous millionaires. I presume it is done because more money can be made from a six story building for stores and offices in such a busy thoroughfare as Fourteenth street, than from a music hall. A small hall with a seating capacity of 400 will be left for piano recitals, and the rest of the building will be devoted to business purposes.

This is the last week of Lent and everyone is glad. Most of us have not observed the season very much, but we will try and make us for it during this week. Good Friday will be kept almost a holiday, as the exchanges and many other such places down town will be closed. Everybody will be religious for a day. Fashionable people will be busy during Holy Week preparing for Easter. That will surely be a day of great joy, as then they will all have an opportunity of showing off their new clothes.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

How Business Men Travel

The New York *Sun* in a recent article on "Busy Men on the Cars," referring to two prominent New York business men who have important interests in Chicago and New York, says: "Both men travel with small, light valises or dispatch boxes, which are constructed especially to hold papers, documents, telegraph blanks, pads, files, and so on. The amount of work accomplished in the twenty-five hours between Chicago and New York was usually very great, for there was practically no interruption, and schemes were figured out and decisions arrived at in practical tranquility, though they were most of the time running along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The advantages of American railroad travel are eminent in a case of this sort, for a section or private compartment on this train, with movable tables, facilities for being shaved and eating meals at regular hours, practically give a man the advantages of his own office. It is the most successful effort yet to annihilate time and space."

The train referred to in this article is the Chicago and New York Limited (Wagner Vestibule) via the Lake Shore and New York Central route, leaving Van Buren street station every day at 5:30 p. m. F. M. Byron, city passenger and ticket agent, 66 Clark street; C. K. Wilber, western passenger agent.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

'CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEETING OF THE WHITEFEET.

"We're glad you're come, Mr. Canavan," said a voice as he entered.

The salutation proceeded from one of a that were sitting on ents of a wall. Their oonlight shone with ad as this struck him, e at once recogn'zed,

"First meeting of the Whitefeet, Harry."

"No, but of the Barefeet," spoke another.

"No, the Whitefeet—the Whitefeet!"

"Yes, I think it shall be the Whitefeet," said the Prophet. "It's a good name. It's striking and appropriate."

"The Whitefeet then be it," said all acquiescingly.

And so a name long memorable in the annals of Ireland was instituted. A name which has written itself strongly on the statute book; still more strongly on the penal registers of Ireland; but still more markedly on the hearts of the farmers of the land.

"How many are here?" asked Darby.

"Sixteen; I counted 'em already," said the man who made music with his heel on the tombstone at the funeral.

"And the men on guard?"

"Ay; that'll make twenty."

"Enough to do good work," said the music maker. "Who's to tell us what's to be done, now that we are here?"

"Wouldn't it be well to take the names of all that are here?" said Darby Kelly, cautiously. "It's no harm to know 'em all. Who'll take 'em?"

"Yes, yes, take 'em down. Let's know 'em all," said the members, catching up the unexpected intention of the suggestion.

"Who'll take 'em?"

"Will you, Mr. Canavan?"

"Certainly," said the Prophet, coming out from where he stood in the shadow into the moonlight. "Certainly; every one should lend a hand. If you don't—one and all, big and little, rich and poor, young and old—stand by one another now, there won't be one of your seed and breed left in the country this time five years And," said he, as his tall, slender form stood out in relief—in strong relief—against the moonlight, "Remember! I say it. I, who have no object of my own to gain. I hold no land. I never shall. But I love to think that the people, many of them my relations, and all of them my friends, who live on the land now, shall live there till they are carried to the graveyard outside; and that their children and children's children after them may live there too in peace and happiness. And I warn you to remember that, without banding yourselves together closely, there is no hope for this. Remember the story of the bundle of sticks. Now. Give me the names?"

"Maybe," said Darby Kelly, interposing, "it wouldn't be fair to take the names until you see whether they are all ov one mind in regard to what we may be going to agree to."

"No; take the names! take the names!" was chorused by many. "You can sthrek them out after if they want id."

In deference to their nearly unanimous wish, the Prophet, writing with his pencil, took down the names of those present—took down also the names of those who kept watch and ward at the entrances.

"Now then, boys," said the Prophet, "that's done. There's no use in remaining longer here in your bare feet, with the cold dew on the grass, than you can help." He said this as the white feet of the parties assembled showed through the darkness. "So anyone who has a proposal to make had better do so."

"You spake sound, Mr. Canavan," said the music maker, standing up, "as you always do. What I say is: we can't stand this much longer. We won't be in the land ov Ireland at all this time twelve months if we don't do something for ourselves. Our land is being taken bit by bit from us, and we'll soon have none ov id. I say now, and I mane id when I say id, I'll let no man, whether an Irishman—a black sheep ov an Irishman—or a Scotch grazier take or hould a foot of land that I own. No; so help me God! Though I died on the scaffold high!"

The vigor and earnestness with which the music maker said this could have been felt through the air, in the blackest night that ever closed over Egypt, so much will, determination, and volition there were in his words!

"There!" said Charley. "There! that's right! That's beginning at the beginning. As long as they're allowed to bid and bid, and hould the lands, so long the people 'll be turned out."

"Aye, will they." said Darby, with vehement concurrence.

"You've hit the nail on the head at wanst," said Charley, lifting his athletic form from the seat, to clap the music maker on the back. "That's the first thing to do."

"Very well," said the Prophet, "let us reduce this to writing."

"Just so."

"That's right."

"Put it down on paper."

"Read it out, and let all agree to it."

Exclamations like these resounded on all sides.

"Very well, boys," said the Prophet, writing in the moonlight. "Here it is:

"Rule No. 1—That no one shall be allowed or permitted to take lands of another."

"Say no Scotchman, Englishman, or Irishman," said one anxious to define the matter.

"No; he says 'No one,'" said several voices. "That covers all."

"How is that to be carried out?" asked Darby Kelly, in a half whisper.

"In any way. In any way that's necessary; but it must be carried out."

"I wouldn't do it without giving them notice. I'd warn them off first," said Charley.

"That's fair enough," said the music maker.

"Put it down. Let it be left to three or four men selected to carry out the order. First give them notice."

"But how is it to be carried out?"

"No matter how so long as they do carry it out."

"No, I say: First give them notice."

"How is the notice to be given?" asked the Prophet, as he duly reduced the order to writing.

"Put the notice on the door," said Darby Kelly.

"No," said the music maker; "that would only lade to thransportation or hanging; it would be running into the lion's mouth, and for no use. I say, post it to 'em; or, better again, dig a grave on the farm, and lave the notice in it. They'll surely get that. They'll know the manin' ov that. Anybody can send a letter. There's not much pluck nor spirit nor danger in doing it. But anybody won't dig a grave wid the gallows or the convict ship at his back."

"You're right there."

"Good man!"

"That's the way to say it!" came from several.

"Yes, I think so," said the Prophet. "A notice like that commends itself to their attention. Nobody would mind a letter. The landlord himself, or his wife, might do that."

"And they often do," chorused several voices.

"Here's the Rules now, boys. Stand up. Draw closer and listen."

"Rule No. 1—That no one shall be permitted or allowed to take the lands of another.

"Rule No. 2—That all who in the past or in the future took, or shall take, the lands of an evicted tenant shall be warned to give them up.

"Rule No. 3—That the form of notice to be adopted and recognized by this assembly shall be the digging of a grave on some portion of the grounds, and the placing therein of the forbidden notice.

"Has anyone anything to say about those rules?" asked the Prophet, after reading them.

"I think," said Darby Kelly, "there ought to be a time mentioned. I'd say seven days after for them to give up the lands. Their blood be upon their own heads then if they refuse."

"No, no," said Charley. "I'd give them more time. I'd give them a month. A week is too short. I'd give them fair straight notice, and act upon it, without fail, when the time was up."

"Yes, yes; that's fair. Let it be a month's notice. A week would be too short," cried several.

"Very well, said the Prophet. "Here is rule No. 4, then—

"That the time given to such notice shall be one month. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes, yes—to be sure," was echoed around.

"Well, boys," said Darby Kelly, standing up, "I think if these rules be carried out, the divil a many you'll find turned out in this county agin. If the landlords find their farms idle, they'll pause a bit before they turn out the present tenants."

"You make a great mistake if you think that," said the music seller; "half ov 'em if they'wor beggared and starving would keep turning out the people just to show their power, and not to be put down. That must be stopped too. They must see that they're in danger themselves as well as the grabbers."

"Aye, just so," said Charley, interrupting; "the devil's good luck to 'em!—they'd suffer imprisonment and loss themselves just to show how they're able to drive the tenants to starvation and beggary. The only thing the cowardly dogs are afraid ov is their lives!"

"The sorra thruer word than that you, nor many that's oulder than you, ever spoke, Charley," said the music seller. "What's £50 or £60 pounds a year—the rent ov one farm—to one ov them. But look at the ruin and misfortune the loss ov the farm is to the tenant and his wife, and his little gossoons and colleens. The landlord and his wife will never be a cup of tay the poorer for it; but the tenant and his family will be in misery and sorrow and starvation until they go into the clay. The work wont be half done if you lave him out."

"Maybe you're right," said Darby Kelly thoughtfully.

"Maybe I'm right. Don't you know I'm right?"

"That's all very well wid Sir Hardinge," said a young fellow. "He's at home here. What'll you do wid them that are off in London or in Paris?"

"What'll we do wid them? Serve the one the same as the other. Let the man in London or Paris find out he's no safer from his misdeeds than the one in Grangemore. Let them all learn that the people must live in the land, and won't let their childhre be turned out to starve," said the music maker.

"Aye," said Darby, who, notwithstanding his depressed appearance, had a vein of dry humor in him, which latter days had turned into a gloomy and saturnine channel, let them know for certain that the people of this counthry have the very same right to live in peace and quietness as the people that live in England, or France, or Spain, or anywhere else. Because if God didn't intend that they would, He'd have printed it on the side of the mountains, or put it up on a big board over Westmeath, and printed on it, in big letters, 'The people who live here aren't to be like other people, bekaise they've no right to be here at all.' That's what He'd have said"

"Aye," said another young fellow jokingly, "or He'd have written it on the Shannon river itself, 'This is the landlords' ground; and they may keep it idle or not as they like.'"

"No," said Charley, always ready to adopt anything that had a touch of humor in it; "but He'd have printed it on the sky wid a lot of stars in the darkness of night, so that all Westmeath could see it and big enough not to hurt the landlords' eyes thrying to read it, 'This land was given to Queen Bess and Oliver Cromwell and other saints, and to their seed, breed, and generation, and friends and relations, for ever, and they may do what they like wid it."

"Stop this," said the Prophet, interposing authoritatively, "this borders on profanation. It is putting a palpable truth almost sacriligiously. Is there any one to say what's to be done with regard to this proposal?"

"Do you mean in regard to the landlords?" said the music maker.

"Yes," said the prophet.

"Well, I say, boys!—and you ought to listen to me. Listen to me all ov you! If you want to stay in Westmeath, and live there wid your wives and families—or the young fellows wid their fathers and mothers—you must make the landlords do what is right, as well as the land-grabbers. Just the same. And I say now that you must be prepared to carry out the rule that is made, whether they live in London or Paris or elsewhere. It's very easy to find out."

"Aisy enough, if it comes to that," said Darby.

"Well, boys, the night is growing late; suspicion may attach to your being out so late; and in any case we're too long here in the dank grass wet with dew. Here's the rule, as I have drafted it—

"Rule No. 5—That a notice personally served be given to every exterminating landlord, and that the expenses incurred thereby be made up by subscription. That one month's notice be given him—which notice the server be solemnly sworn to carry out wherever he may be."

"Yes, that's right," was assentingly whispered through the gathering.

"Now, boys, here's just one other thing," said the Prophet. "These rules must be carried out. They must be enforced, else our time is completely wasted here tonight. A meeting cannot carry them out. You must delegate the work to a committee of three or four, with full powers to them to enforce these rules, raise money, and pay men. Whom will you appoint? Appoint good, active men, for the rules made here to night will soon rule all Westmeath. You must know them already without much thinking. So, boys, make up your minds, and be quick. It's growing late."

The committee was not long in being formed. The prominent men were well known, and in everybody's mind. So the names of the music maker, Charley, Darby Kelly, and finally, much against his will, of the Prophet himself, with two others—old men and cautious—were named and appointed on the committee.

"Very well, boys," said the Prophet, "you have made the rules and heard them read. Also you have appointed the committee, and know their names. Now, stand up! Stand up in the moonlight! You need not swear. But all who agree to the rules, and are prepared to abide by them, hold up their hands. Say after me: 'In the name of God, who ma e this land of Ireland for the Irish race, and who ordained that men should live in freedom, we promise to abide by these rules and to carry them out, and to obey the orders of the committee when called on.' All who agree to that lift their right hands in the moonlight."

All did so.

"Now, boys, remember! No oath that shoneen magistrate or his clerk ever gave you on their greasy book in court is half so binding and solemn as that. The male dictions of God will follow the breaker of it. It is the form of oath St. Patrick left in the Book of Downpatrick to be used by the Irish people in times of danger of enemies and invasion; and anyone who breaks it will die like Dermott, with the flesh stripping off his bones and the limbs rotting asunder from his body."

As the youth stood upright, with his arm still extended in the moonlight, it would be hard to convey an idea of a more striking figure.

His words as he uttered them, standing with arm uplifted in the moonlight, were very impressive.

"We'll keep our words."

"Don't fear us."

"Send for us when you want us"

"Anything is better than beggary or the poorhouse."

"I'd die on the gallows any day afore I'd let another take my farm."

Such expressions as these, repeated from one and another, answered the adjuration of the speaker.

"I think we may go now, boys," said the Prophet, as a heavy fit of coughing admonished him that he had been already too long under the night air. "We have nothing more to do tonight. You will get notice when you are wanted again. Go different ways through the bog, so that too many of you wont be seen together—and good night!"

"Good night! good night!" resounded in whispered words on all sides, as the barefooted members took their departure, waiting until they got through the quaking morasses of the bog to put on their shoes.

Darby Kelly, the music maker, Charley, and the Prophet, remained a little behind, to talk and discuss the future arrangements, but they soon broke up also.

"That's been a good night's work, Harry," said Charley as they passed from the ruins out into the graveyard, and stood a moment in the shadow of a headstone.

"If it's well carried out," said the Prophet.

"So it will. Don't fear that. We'll have no more Kevin Moores going out of the country, or I'm mistaken."

"I hope not," said the Prophet depressedly.

"You may be certain of it," said Charley.

"It's sad enough to have one Kevin Moore," said the Prophet still sadly.

"That puts me in mind," said Charley more lively, "about Norah."

"Yes," said the Prophet brightening, "you said she was in the country."

"So she is."

"What brought her back?"

"I don't know."

"How long is she back?"

"A day or two."

"Where is she?"

"I am not sure I ought to tell you."

"Why?"

"It's a secret."

"It needn't be a secret from me."

"No more it needn't, Harry," said the other warmly. "You wor the constant friend to then whin they wor in thrubble. If a friend could have done good to them, you'd have done it. But it wasn't to be done."

"No, it wasn't," assented the Prophet sorrowfully.

"No. But as to Norah?"

"Poor Norah. Yes!"

"You couldn't guess where she's stopping?"

"No, I could not."

"Well, of all places in the world——"

"Yes."

"She's stopping with Maury Keeffe and her mother."

"With Maury Keeffe!—what brought her there?"

"Sorra know I know. Maybe she came back to have a look at the old place again. Who knows? I don't. But she is there."

"Well I'm glad you told me. I should like to see her. I wonder has she any news of Kevin? But I am sure she has not, poor girl. How could she?"

"Why?"

"Why? What do you ask that for?"

"For reasons."

"What reasons?"

"Didn't you hear?"

"Hear what?"

"The news."

"What news?"

"Oh, well if you haven't heard it, I won't tell you," said Charley.

"Well, I declare," said the Prophet, who was very much struck, and very much annoyed by this mysterious evasiveness, "you are very tormenting all this day. What news is there, and if there be news, why don't you tell it? What harm can there be in telling it?"

"You'll hear it all time enough," said Charley laconically. "Good bye, Harry. I'll take my way across the bog. I know the paths across the dry places. I can make them out readily in the moonlight. You'll know it all time enough, never fear."

"Good bye, and safe home. I'm sorry you couldn't tell the news—whatever it is."

"You'll know it time enough, never fear," was the answer of the other, as he took his way through the shadowy valley of the tombstone, over the graveyard wall, and into the secluding blackness of the turf heaps of the surrounding bog.

Left to himself the Prophet was lost in a state of anxious bewilderment.

"What brought Norah Moore back? What brought her back from France to stay in that humble home?"

"And what was the news of Kevin which appeared to be about, but of which he had heard nothing?"

Lost in confused meditation of this kind, the Prophet took his hesitating way to the churchyard gate. Arrived thereat, he lifted his hat, and kneeling on a toomstone over which the moss had made a grey carpet, he said a parting prayer for the silent sleepers he was leaving behind him.

The which being over, he took his way along the rough path that led through the bog, and gained the high road that skirted it on the far side.

He was feeling weak and tired. He had not been strong lately. Unknown to himself the fangs of disease—of that slow and consuming disease wherefor there is no remedy and no hope—were eating their way slowly through his veins and to his heart. Therefore, he leaned himself against the stone pier of the gateway that abutted on the road, to rest himself and to think.

"What are you doing here?"

The words came on his ears and abstracted attention with startling effect. He started to his feet and looked around him.

There was no person near that he could see. Certainly not on the roadway, where the moon fell on the dust, making it appear white as a snowfall.

"Who spoke?" he asked.

"I did," said a voice, and the owner of the voice came from out the shadow of a tree.

"What did you ask?"

"What you were doing here?"

"Who are you?"

"I am Sir Hardinge's steward."

"Does the road belong to you?" asked the Prophet.

"No."

"No?"

"Well?"

The cool question of the youth discomfitted him not a litt'.

"I thought you put the first question," said the Prophet, laughing at the sudden come down of the other. "Aren't you satisfied with your answer?"

"It's a late hour to be out," said the steward with an undercurrent of menace.

"So it is for you also. What of that?"

"If Sir Hardinge knew of it," said the steward.

"Sir Hardinge may know what he chooses to learn. I have as good a right to be here as he has. Mayhap better. Certainly better than you have."

"Take care I wouldn't bring you before him as a tresspasser—I'm his steward," said the other, whose courage was revving fast afresh, as he saw the slim form of the youth, now standing out in the moonlight, and contrasted it with his own burly form.

"I know you well. Who does not, to their sorrow? But you'd better not try that!" The steward was moving towards him with menacing gestures.

"No—why not?" said the latter, laying his hand on his coat collar.

"For that reason!" said the Prophet, with a quick trip and thrust that sent the awkward form of the other sprawling on the white dust of the road with a heavy fall. "For that reason!"

The Prophet had been a good wrestler, "with the hand," as it's phrased in country parlance; and though not strong enough for "body holds" he was always rapid and quick enough with the feet to throw one considerably heavier than himself. He had not practiced at it for three or four years, but enough of his old skill, if not of his old strength, ramained to floor the inexperienced steward.

"You'll suffer for this," said the latter, as he raised himself from the dust.

"You'll get worse falls than that before long," said the Prophet, surveying him peaceably as he rose. He had taken instinctive note of the evanescent courage of the other, and felt quite at his ease.

"You'll see whether I will or not," said the other humbly but malevolently.

"You will! Do you know that the farm you did so much wrong to get is gone from you? Do you know that you will never till an acre of it?"

"No, I don't," said the steward, who in the new fall forgot the other.

"Well, it's the case. Go home and inquire! And see that you forget this adventure. Or it may be the forerunner of worse."

And with this unguarded intimation he turned on his heel and left him.

The road which he turned to go was not the way home, a matter which he did not think of for some seconds after he had turned his back on the steward.

Notwithstanding his desire to keep cool, the little tussle had considerably heated him, and he felt the effects of it now.

He would have turned back and gone home, but the embarrassment and awkwardness of having to meet and pass the steward prevented him, and he continued walking onwards.

"It's just a mile," thought he. "I'll go on and call at Maury Keeffe's. I'll make some excuse or other. Maybe I'd see Norah. God knows I'd be glad to see her."

With which sudden resolution forming in his mind, he walked more rapidly forward until he came to that part of the high road where the boreen leading to the house joined it, and turning up soon came in sight of the house itself.

"The light is in the window," said he as soon as he came in view. "They're not gone to bed yet."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC PROSE.

Staid Lathaireach na Gaedhilge.

Do'N BH-FEAR-EAGAIR:—Do léigheas litreacha "Féilm Ui Thuathail" le mórán maitheasa dam féin, agus is dóigh liom go m-béidh siad chó tairbheach do léightheoiribh do phái-péir a's do bhí siad damsa. Tá an fear sin, cia bé é, air an t-slighe cheirt; agus is mór an t-iongnadh liom é, cionnas is féidir le h-aon Eireannach iad a léigheadh gan náire do bheith air a d-taoibh a dhúthaigh agus a chinéil. Dá d-tigeadh liomsa Gaedhilig do sgríobhadh chó maith leis an Féilm so, ní staidfainn ó sgríobhadh chugad gach aon t-seachtmhain 'san m-bliadhain chum na n-Eireannach do bhrosdughadh a d-taoibh a d-teangain. Acht beag mar atá m' eolas air an Gaedhilig, agus ole mar a sgríobhaim í, ní fheudaim a bheith baibh go léir tar éis a litreacha do léigheadh.

Go deimhin is fíor an nidh a deir sé, go bh-fuil "níos mó sgreadadh 'na olla" timcheall na Gaedhilge. Le léigheadh na b-páipeur Eireannach, shaoilfeá nach raibh fear ná bean, garsún ná geárrchailleach de shliocht Eireannaigh air feadh an domhain mhóir nach raibh ag fóghluim na Gaedhilge. Deir siad "tá sí d' á múineadh anois ins na sgoiltibh 'san m-baile, agus ní fad go m-béidh sí a m-beul na n-uile-dhaoineadh a n-Eirinn." Maiseadh, ní l duine 'san domhan a bhéidheadh níos sásta ná do bhéidhinn-sé féin le sgeul mar an sgeul so. Acht farraoir! tá fhios agam nach bh-fuil sé fíor. Tá fhios agam go bh-fuil níos mó daoineadh ag fóghluim na Gaedhilge anois 'ná do bhí ó aimsir de thógbháil Luimnigh, dá cheud bliadhain ó shoin; acht ní mórán sin le rádh, óir bhí sí dearmudtha go léir air feadh na ndá aois chuaidh thart. Má tá an meud sin daoineadh ag fóghluim na Gaedhilge, cá bh-fuil cómhartha a n-oibre? Cá bh-fuil na leabhair nuadha Gaedhilge ba chóir do bheith air n-a g-cur amach gach bliadhain? Cá bh-fuil na litreacha Gaedhilge ó dhaoinibh éagsamhla ba chóir do bheith in do phápeur gach aon t-seachtmhain? Cá bh-fuil na daoine dheunas óráide cúthu ins an teagain sin? Freagrann an macalla, "Cá bh-uil siad?" oir ní'l eolas agam féin.

Caithfidh mé an fhírinn a rádh, agus má dheirim í, caithfidh mé rádh go bh-feicthear dam nach bh-fuil aon t-suim ag na h-Eireannaighibh ann a d-teangain féin. Castar orrainn beagán daoineadh annso agus annsúd atá fíor agus seasmhach a g-cúis na teangain,—daoine mar an t-Saoi Hide, an t-Athair MacAodhagáin agus daoinibh eile d'á sórt, 'san tír so agus a n-Eirinn; acht cionnas is féidir le dornán beag daoineadh mar iad, tompógh do chur air smuaintibh chinidh? Tá siad lionta de dhóchas agus neart, acht muna g-cabharthar iad le daoinibh measamhla eile, ní féidir leo mórán maitheasa do dheunamh. Ní chuirfidh muintir na h-Eireann aon t-suim coitcheann no airighe san Gaedhilig ne go bh-feiceann siad na daoine dá ngoirthear a d-treoruighthoiridhe ag cur spéise innti. Is dóigh liom go m-béidh aimsir fhada againn le fanamhuin sul chuireas Parnell, O'Brisin agus na daoine eile atá ós ceann na n-Eireannach, aon t-suim 'san Gaedhilig.

Tá dá no trí Irisleabhair againn 'san tír seo agus in Eirinn; do cuireadh air bun iad air son na Gaedhilge; b'fhéidir nach bh-fuil na páipeura so ediuirighthe mar is cóir; agus cuir a g-cás go m-bidheann níos mó droch-Ghaedhilge 'ná deagh Ghaedhilge iounta air uairibh, nach cóir do na h-Eireannaighibh iad do cheangbáil suas mar gheall air an g-cúis air ar cuireadh air bun iad? Acht an bh-fuil siad 'g á g-ceangbáil suas? Ní alithnighim féin mórán a d-taoibh na b-páipeur seo acht mar chluinim ó am go h-am; agus do réir tuaraspbhais coitchinne, ní'l siad ag tabhairt aon t-soehair do na daoinibh chuireas amach iad, agus is cailí a n-áit tairbhe theagess uatha.

Tá fhios agam gur teare iad seo thuigeas Gaedhilg go ceart, agus gur sgríobhthar í le mórán daoineadh nach bh-fuil cumasach air a sgríobhadh mar is cóir. Nuair chailleann an puibligheacht muinighin ann aon fhear atá ós ceann na b-páipeur seo, ní iongantach nach d-tugann siad taca dhó. Ní an t-slighe is fearr do'n té nach bh-fuil fóghiumthe go dombain 'san Ghaedhilig, gan é féin do chur suas mar mhaighisdir di; agus nuair dheunann sé dearmuid a sgríbhneorachd na teangan sin, dá n-admháil 'nuair taisbeántar dó iad. Is mallachd do'n Ghaedhilig, dó féin agus do'n domhan, fear nach n-deunann so. Air an ádhbhar sin, beidh me ráita go mór dá d-taisbeantar dam le caraid éigin na Gaedhilge, na h-earráideacha tá ins an litir seo, óir is anamh a sgríobhaim a d-teangain mo thíre, agus is beag m'eolas uirri.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover, that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2994 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 688 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucek Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and St. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 8, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 245 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Montregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 169 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathz, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 881 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 79 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 94 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Selden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

STRICKEN LOUISVILLE.

Latest Report of the Effects of the Cyclone.

IT IS MUCH MORE ENCOURAGING.

At Present It Is Thought That the Loss of Life Will Not Exceed 150 Persons.

The Relief Committee of the Board of Trade Places the Number Much Lower But the Recovery of Dead Bodies Disputes Their Statement—Scenes and Incidents of the Great Calamity—Effects of the Sweep of the Cyclone Through Illinois—Many People Killed.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 28.—Disastrous and deplorable as is the calamity that has befallen Louisville, the stricken people are giving thanks that it is not as bad as was at first reported. From vague but startling rumors that the death list would reach 1,000, the figures have happily fallen until they are now less than 100; and, mayhap, future vents shall prove that the loss of life is not as great as is now semi-officially given. It is to be fervently hoped that this will be the final result. In discussing the reports of the committees making house-to-house investigations, a considerable diversity of opinion as to actual property loss was developed. The lowest estimate put it at $1,000,000, the highest at $3,000,000, and the best grounded upon facts presented placed it at $2,500,000. There is, however, unhappily, almost no insurance.

A Statement to the People.

It was finally voted that the chairman of the committee should prepare a statement, to be authoritative, for the use of the press. This was examined by a majority of the committee and approved. It is as follows:

"TO THE PEOPLE: The calamity that has overtaken the city of Louisville by the cyclone spread over a territory of our city covering a space of ground some 400 yards wide and three miles in length, through the business and residence portion of our city. The loss of life is in the neighborhood, it is believed, of some seventy-five persons, and the loss to the city in damage to houses and goods is believed not to exceed $2,000,000. While the calamity is a great one, our citizens feel able to cope with it, and are not cast down, but will at once proceed to repair and resume in the channels now interrupted. In all other portions of the city business is resuming its usual channels.

"Per the Relief Committee of the Board of Trade.

"WILLIAM T. ROLFE, Chairman."

Under Martial Rule.

Late in the afternoon Mayor Jacobs placed the devastated district under martial rule. Shortly afterward Chief of Police Taylor ordered the department under his charge to arrest any suspicious character found upon the scene of disaster and every person caught in the act of pillaging houses or robbing bodies. The members of the Louisville legion on guard were placed under the chief's charge and are patroling the streets in the wrecked vicinity in squads. The loss of property will be nearly doubled if a heavy rain falls within forty-eight hours. There has been some snow which melted at once, but not enough to do considerable damage. The principal single item of property in danger is tobacco, of which $100,000 worth is exposed.

To Relieve the Suffering.

Prompt measures are being taken for the relief of the sufferers. The city council has appropriated $30,000 for this purpose, and $20,000 more has been subscribed by citizens of Louisville. This sum will be increased in proportion to the requirements, and there is every reason to say to sympathetic outsiders that Louisville alone can and will prove equal to caring for her unfortunate.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

The Police Have a Hard Time with the Crowds—At the Falls City Hall.

The scene at the ruins of Virgil S. Wright's cigar store, where the four bruised and mangled bodies of the Louisville hotel laundry girls were found, was simply horrible. A huge mass of humanity, actuated by curiosity, made a rush for the debris when it was announced that the bodies were protruding, and it took the moral suasion of a squad of police armed with strong billies to keep them back. The four unfortunates were found in the cellar, directly under what was the second floor front room. They were wedged in so tightly that suffocation must have been swift, and picks had to be used to remove them. They were horribly cut and mangled.

Positions of the Bodies.

Maggie Ryan was sitting upright and her face was first fully exposed to view by the removal of a piece of plank. She had the awful pallor of death on her face, and agony was written in every feature. Maggie Campbell was also sitting upright. Mary Crowe was lying prostrate on her back and her hands were elevated over her head as if to shut out the awful destruction which was impending. Every muscle was tensely drawn, and there were ugly cuts and bruises. Mary McGinty lay as if she had thrown herself face downward on the floor to shut out the awful calamity. The women were all tenderly lifted and cared for, and their bruised forms were as sacred to the busy diggers as if they had worn silk instead of calico.

The Center of Interest.

The great center of interest is still at the pile of debris that represents what was once the four-storied Falls City hall. In the thoroughfares leading into Market street near the scene of the great disaster, thousands of persons are standing unerringly watching the devoted band of laborers removing the debris, bit by bit, in the hope of uncovering the mutilated form of a victim. As each body is taken up from beneath the covering of debris and is carried down the heap to the waiting stretcher, half suppressed cheers go up from the crowd. This is in the average of half-hourly occurrences. After the body is placed on the stretcher and covered over reverently, it is taken to the improvised morgue in Buckley's saloon, across the street, where Coroner Miller and his assistants receive it.

Eighty-Six Bodies Recovered.

Up to the present hour eighty-six bodies have been taken from the Falls City hall, and the cellar at Eighteenth and Magazine streets. It is the general belief that there are at least forty more bodies in the dancing hall ruins. The latest and most intelligent estimate of the total number of the dead throughout the city will not exceed 150 persons. This is careful and fairly accurate.

At 9 o'clock the last body was removed from the ruins of Virgil & Co.'s cigar store, next to the Louisville hotel. It was that of Mary McBride, who in life was a chambermaid at the hotel. Her remains were sadly soiled and mutilated by the enormous weight of debris from above. This swells the list of dead in the cigar store to ten.

Died While Lighting a Cigar.

The last man taken out was the Chicago traveling man, J. D. Hathaway, who met his death while lighting a cigar in the little place. It is believed that all of the dead, save in the dancing hall, have been found, and the estimate given above is nearly correct. There was but little sensational feeling attached to the discovery of the bodies, as in the main they are those of people who were not generally known in the community, being working people and others of a retired station in life.

Rescuers Overcome by Gas.

Several people are supposed to be buried under the ruins of R. H. Carothers' printing establishment at the corner of Main and Eighth streets. It is known positively that one woman is buried under the ruins. Frank Smith, a preasman, ventured into the cellar of the wrecked building, and after groping around in the darkness he found the body of a woman, who was pinned down by several heavy timbers. He tried to release her, but could not do so. He took a pair of jet bracelets from the unfortunate woman's arm and some other jewelry. The wreck was full of escaping gas, and Smith was suffocated. Two brave men went down to rescue him, and they were nearly overcome by the terrible gas, but after some difficulty he was brought to the surface. Medical attendance was summoned, and the man taken to his home. Several attempts were made by men to go in the hole again, but they desisted for fear of their lives. The jewelry was turned over to the police officers.

THE STORM IN ILLINOIS.

Great Havoc at Nashville, Olney, and Other Points.

ST. LOUIS, March 28.—A special from Nashville, Ills., to The Republic says that the cyclone struck that place with terrific force and that not a pane of glass is left in a window with western exposure. Although no lives were lost, there were many narrow escapes. The city hall, a large frame structure 40 by 100 feet, valued at $10,000, was completely demolished. Porter's livery stable is a wreck; Sawyer & McCracken's cooper shop, a brick building, is demolished.

Children Blown Away.

At Little Frairie, a few miles distant from here, the storm destroyed the residence of William Phine and Mr. Phine was badly hurt, his leg, and arm being broken. He is also internally injured and not expected to live. Two of his children were carried a quarter of a mile to the home of David Smith, but neither were injured. Smith's house was destroyed. He rushed out with his little girl and a tree fell on them. Neither is expected to live. Fritz Kreume's house was blown away and he and his wife were probably fatally injured.

Henry Taylor's house was also blown down and Mr. Taylor and family and two young ladies named Miss Morris, and Miss Maggie Simmons were fatally injured. All the doctors have gone from this district to attend the injured. There is a Polish settlement directly in the path of the storm which has not been heard from and it is feared great loss of life has occurred there.

In Jackson County.

A special from Carbondale, Ills., to The Republic says: A disastrous cyclone passed through Jackson county. At Grand Tower a coach of the Grand Tower and Carbondale railroad was blown from the track. A number of houses were leveled to the ground and three lives are reported lost. Near Murphysboro Mr. Linsley's dwelling was literally blown to pieces, his child killed and his wife dangerously injured. At Carbondale the banking house of W. W. Wickes was unroofed and several houses more or less damaged.

Destruction of Property at Jeffersonville.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., March 28.—A tornado of disastrous proportions visited this city at 8:30 o'clock Thursday night. Its course was from the east and went due west ruining one-half the buildings in its way. Residences on Market street, from Walnut to West Spring, are total wrecks; also from Walnut street to the extreme western portion of the city. On Front street, a distance of eighteen blocks, all of the buildings are down and the thoroughfare presents a terrible sight. Fortunately no one was killed but many are badly injured. The rain at the time was coming down in torrents accompanied by hail stones the size of walnuts. The wind blew furiously and the sound which it carried was deafening to hear.

Fatal Effects at Olney.

CHICAGO, March 28.—Specials to The Herald state that the wind was terribly severe in southern Illinois. At Olney a number of buildings were demolished and unroofed, and many people injured, but only two or three fatally. Miss M. Sponsler was buried in the ruins of her millinery store and seriously injured. She may not recover. The building of Mr. Mathes was completely crushed and the family buried in the ruins, but all escaped serious injuries, except Mrs. Mathes, who is now in a critical condition.

Aid from Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 28.—At 9 o'clock Friday morning the relief committee of the Indianapolis board of trade, under the leadership of Col. Eli Lilly, left this city for Louisville with a corpse of surgeons and surgical appliances. The colonel also carries $1,000 in cash to relieve the immediate wants of the destitute and suffering.

Hundreds of Lives Lost.

CHICAGO, March 28.—A late special says that Metropolis, a small village in Illinois, about thirty-five miles from Cairo, has been destroyed by the storm, and several hundred people killed and injured.

THE RESULT ELSEWHERE.

Great Havoc Caused at Eminence and Marion, Ky.

EMINENCE, Ky., March 29.—This section of the country was visited by the cyclone. The two-story frame residence of Richard Anderson, one and a half miles south, was unroofed and a large barn destroyed. It then caught the two-story brick mansion of James H. Drain, wholly sweeping away the upper story. Then it caught buildings in the yard sweeping them from existence. One of these was occupied by a tenant, Joseph Kinney and family. His little 3-year-old daughter and his brother-in-law, Lou Maddox, were killed outright. Kinney was probably fatally injured. His wife and younger child were more or less bruised.

Great Havoc at Marion, Ky.

MARION, Ky., March 29.—This city was devastated by the same storm that wrought such ruin at Louisville. There was great loss of life.

To Succeed Gen. Crook.

NEW YORK, March 25.—Maj. Gen. Schofield, whose headquarters are at Washington, has been temporary assigned to the command of the department of the Missouri, formerly under command of Gen. Crook.

SPRING STRIKES ARE ON

The Ball Opened by the Plumbers of Chicago.

NEARLY ONE THOUSAND MEN IDLE.

About All the Shops in the City Affected by the Strike—The Men Want $3.75 Per Day for Good and Bad Workmen Alike—War Among the Knights of Labor at St. Louis—Cause of the Trouble—Labor Notes.

CHICAGO, April 1.—True to their resolutions adopted at Monday night's meeting, the journeymen plumbers struck Tuesday morning, and it is said that there are nearly 1,000 men out. Plumbers have been getting $3.15 for second-class men and $3.60 for first-class men, but the men say that all of the master plumbers in Chicago combined have but thirty-five men who are making $3.60 a day, while some men, they say, are compelled to work for as little as $2.

What the Men Want.

It has been announced that the men wanted uniform wages of $3.75 for good and bad workmen alike, and that they wanted a half-holiday Saturday. The demand was $3.75 as the minimum wages, and, if the Saturday half-holiday is granted, a deduction of half a day from the week's pay. Nearly every shop in the city is affected by the strike, all the men employed by the Master Plumbers' association leaving their work Tuesday morning. The bosses will call a meeting at once to discuss the situation.

The striking plumbers held a meeting Tuesday morning at their headquarters, 36 La Salle street. They are enthusiastic and confident of winning.

TROUBLE AT ST. LOUIS.

Jealousies Between the English and German Knights of Labor.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 1.—War has broken out afresh among the Knights of Labor, and the upshot of the fuss is that district assembly No. 191, including all the German assemblies in the city, has returned its charter to the Powderly headquarters in Philadelphia, and this action has been followed by a similar proceeding on the part of the six local assemblies which constitute that district. The charter has not only been returned to the national headquarters, but in addition to this resolutions were adopted declaring that the brewery workmen were tired of the intrigues in the organizations, and had decided to leave it and maintain an independent association. The trouble grows out of old jealousies between the English and German assemblies.

New York Union Bricklayers.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The bricklayers have entered into a contract with the firms employing union men for another year's work under the nine hour clause. Many of the men desired an eight hour schedule but a compromise was effected on an advance of 5 cents an hour. This makes a daily rate of $4.05 for the succeeding year.

VICTIMS OF THE CYCLONE.

The Total Number of Killed at Louisville Placed at Ninety-Three.

LOUISVILLE, April 1.—The total number killed here by the tornado of Thursday night is ninety-three. It is feared that R. R. Barton, of Pittsburg, is dead in the ruins. So far about 150 badly wounded persons have been found. Several of those who were worst hurt are at the hospitals in a dying condition. Fritz Delp is among those known to have been killed.

Webster County Victims.

The total of the killed in Webster county is forty, and of wounded eighty. A relief corpse has gone out from Henderson. A coat found near Henderson contained papers which showed that it had been blown from Paducah, 100 miles away. A check made here for $533, in favor of a Louisville tobacco firm, was found in a yard twelve miles outside of Cincinnati.

Vetoed the Saxton Ballot Bill.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 1.—Governor Hill has sent to the legislature a message vetoing the so-called Saxton ballot reform bill. He said the bill contained the same provisions which he had for the past two years declared to be unconstitutional. He objected to the exclusively official ballot because the provisions for it unreasonably hinder and impede the exercise of the elective franchise and discriminate against the individual elector and imposes upon him a ballot not authorized or contemplated by the constitution. The provisions for an exclusively official ballot prevent an illiterate elector from voting a secret ballot. They absolutely compel him not only to publicly confess his illiteracy, but also to disclose the contents of his ballot to two election officers.

Life in West Virginia.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., April 1.—The bloody Brumfield-Runyon feud in Lincoln county, which has cost six lives, is now being fought out in the courts. The feud originated over the ownership of a large amount of timber, and John W. Runyon is now suing Allen Brumfield for it. Allen Brumfield is the man who was shot, with his wife, by hired assassins who said Runyon paid them. Both of Brumfield's would-be murderers were lynched, while Runyon had to fly the country. Four other persons were also killed during the outbreak. Both sides are attending the trial of the case in Lincoln county court fully armed, and a conflict in court is not improbable.

Got Notice to Quit.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 1.—Up until Monday evening there was every promise of a fracas at the Alleghany City postoffice. John A. Gilleland, the Republican recently appointed postmaster, had expressed his determination to take office at 12 o'clock Monday night. John Swan, the Democratic incumbent, however, asserted that he had not been officially relieved, as his commission read for four years from April 26, 1886. He declared that he would not surrender possession until April 26 next. At 5 o'clock, however, Mr. Swan received a telegram from Postmaster General Wanamaker giving him "notice to quit," and he yielded peaceable possession.

Condition of the City of Paris.

QUEENSTOWN, April 1.—The sections of the engine room of the disabled steamship City of Paris have been finally freed of water. A number of additional steam pumps were set to work and the water was entirely pumped out. The steamship now appears to have her usual draught. The divers have succeeded in staunching the ingress of water. Quite a large hole was found in the bottom of the steamer. The officials of the Inman Line Steamship company have decided to have the disabled vessel towed to Liverpool.

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT CHICAGO.

A Number of Men Killed by an Explosion in a Sugar Refinery.

CHICAGO, March 28.—A disastrous explosion occurred early Thursday evening in the Chicago Sugar Refining company's plant on the corner of West Taylor and Beach streets. Several men were burned to death, six were reported missing, and twenty others were badly burned. The explosion occurred about 5:30 o'clock in the starch-drying room. Several theories are advanced as to the cause, but no one seems to know just how the accident occurred. The building in which the explosion took place is a two-story brick structure, 120 feet long by 50 feet wide, and is separated from the main ten-story building by a narrow court. Twenty-seven men were employed in the building, their principal duties being to spread the starch on the drying tables and prepare it for market. Up to 12 o'clock Friday noon five bodies had been recovered.

CHICAGO, March 29.—Nine men were killed by the explosion at the Chicago sugar refinery. By 5:30 o'clock Friday evening all of the bodies had been recovered. As soon as day dawned all the laborers that could be secured were put at work clearing away the debris. The yard back of the main building presented a chaotic appearance. Bricks from the shattered walls lay scattered in every direction, while over the ruins were scattered the remnants of the wrecked machinery.

FREIGHT THIEVES ARRESTED.

Systematic and Extensive Robberies Brought to Light.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 25.—The police have made some important arrests and uncovered a systematic and extensive robbery of freight cars. Freight car seals on the Great Northern have been tampered with for some time and considerable property stolen. Two thieves who were arrested gave information which led to the arrest of a Mrs. Sweeney, her two sons and Ed Maloney and Fred McConnell. In the Sweeney cottage and buried in a neighboring lot were found over $2,000 worth of goods belonging to different firms in this city. The boys have been in the habit of boarding freight cars near Hamline and while passing near their home they would throw out several boxes of whatever they happened to contain. This was always done at night and the plunder removed to a hiding place at once.

An Appalling Situation.

NEW YORK, March 28.—A Herald special from Memphis, Tenn., says the situation in the overflowed country as far south as Laconia circle is appalling. The devastation and suffering is incalculable to both stock and human beings. Water is pouring over the levee for seven miles, and passing out the levee at Henrico. The river is still rising, and an additional rise of ten to eighteen inches is expected from the St. Francis river. Seventeen hundred people in this district are actually suffering for the necessaries of life. Whites, negroes, mules, hogs and cows are huddled together in gin-houses and on stumps, and all are in great danger of starving to death.

A Funeral in Boats.

NEWPORT, Ky., March 28.—The most unique funeral this city has ever known occurred Thursday morning. Mrs. Caroline Nabor had lain dead for three days and it became necessary to inter the remains. The house was surrounded by water from the flooded Ohio and vehicles could not come within squares of it. As a last resort the coffin was placed in a large skiff, and, followed by nearly two score other skiffs containing relatives, friends, and sympathizers, was rowed squares away to dry land. Thousands watched the strange procession from upper windows and high ground.

Senate Order of Business.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 27.—The Republican senators had a caucus at which the order of business arranged by the "steering" committee was approved, and it was agreed that the senate should meet hereafter at 11 o'clock in the morning. The order of business provides that the dependent pension bill shall be taken up when the anti-trust bill has been disposed of, and that afterward the bill for the admission of Wyoming shall be considered. The Montana election cases are to have right of way Monday to the exclusion of other business.

A Chicago Pioneer's Will.

CHICAGO, March 25.—J. Young Scammon's will was probated before Judge Kohlsaat Tuesday morning. He left his property to his children. To the surprise of those who were in court the estate consisted only of $250 worth of office furniture. "All of Mr. Scammon's property went to pay his debts," said one of the friends of the dead pioneer, "and at the time of his death I think he was just about even with the world. Mrs. Scammon has considerable property of her own."

Rejoicing in Wyoming.

CHEYENNE, Wy. T., March 28.—Never in its history has there been such rejoicing in Cheyenne as there was over the news that the house had passed the Wyoming admission bill. The news spread with the rapidity of wildfire. In an almost inconceivably short space of time the entire business portion of the city was lavishly decorated with flags and streamers. The fire bells and church bells were ringing and roaring cannons added joyous thunder to the celebration.

Big Coal Mines Located.

NEW YORK, March 25.—A special to The Herald from Chamberlain, S. D., says: Ever since the Sioux reservation was opened prospectors have been looking for the coal deposits that are known to exist there. News has reached here that some citizens of Rapid City have located some big coal mines 130 miles west of here. The Indians say that as these deposits are on their lands they will drive the invaders out of the country.

Were Playing with a Pistol.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Ills., March 25.—Everett, the little son of Circuit Court Clerk David R. Fish, was fatally shot Monday. Young Fish and two Leach boys have been chums. The eldest Leach, 12 years old, who is now in custody, says he and his brother and Everett Fish were playing near the fairground with a pistol, which was accidentally discharged. The boys refuse to tell who did the shooting.

One Hundred Coopers Locked Out.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 28.—Nearly 100 coopers went on strike here, which finally resulted in a lockout. They wanted present prices to continue until September. Their propositions were refused.

Gen. Sickles Succeeds Flack.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 29. — Governor Hill Thursday afternoon appointed Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles sheriff of the city and county of New York, vice James Flack, resigned.

Copyright.

MABEL'S GRANDMA.

"The world is even as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."

This is sense, even if it is not Shakespearean. Indeed, it is the opening stanza of an anonymous poem. It was the sentiment of an old lady to her grandchild Mabel. And many a Mabel has found it to be true, and she has made her life a very happy one because she has taken care of her health. She keeps on hand a supply of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and so is not troubled with those wasting diseases, weaknesses, "dragging-down" sensations and functional irregularities that so many women endure. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

"Favorite Prescription" is a legitimate *medicine, not a beverage.* Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion. As *peculiar* in its remedial results as in its composition.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon; being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic, or strength-giver.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

A Book of 160 pages, on "Woman, and Her Diseases, their Nature, and How to Cure them," sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Tom Shirley, of Hugoton, Kan., had seven Hugotonites arrested on a charge of stealing the richest car loads of aid he had secured for the western sufferers, but on the evidence submitted Shirley was committed and the others released.

A decree has been issued in Brazil ordering that persons guilty of publishing or telegraphing false-alarmist rumors shall be tried by court-martial.

The Princess Beatrice has started at Aix les Baines a series of twenty-one baths, for the purpose of reducing her stoutness, which causes her much discomfort.

Queen Natalie is again squabbling with the Servian regents, and Milan threatens to visit Belgrade to find out what it means.

The Brazilian coffee crop is reported as middling. It is estimated that 150,000 tons will be available for export.

An attempt was made at Minneapolis Saturday to kill Actor Joseph Haworth by a woman who fired two shots at him.

Henry Watterson will make the annual address before the South Carolina Press association at Charleston, April 30.

John Owsley, of St. Joseph, Mo., a man 70 years old and once a millionaire, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for burglary.

A man giving the name of Brown and Detroit as his home went into a Montreal bank and grabbed a handful of bills and darted off. He dropped $1,200 in his flight and as much more was recovered when he was arrested soon after.

Ben Butler's book is to be put forth next fall. It will be in two volumes, and be sold by subscription. It is to be filled with high explosives. It is said he has some startling things to say about Lincoln's assassination.

In a fight over a $5 bill in a Leavenworth barber shop Saturday Ben Easton and Hedge Townsend, colored, cut each other so badly with razors that both will probably die.

H. D. Conover, for eleven years a professor of civil engineering in the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, has resigned to engage in architecture.

Eugene Decker, a son of the New York piano manufacturer, has been arrested at Moravia, N. Y., charged with burglary and larceny. He was found secreted in a haymow.

It is reported that the original cause for the student outbreaks in Russia was indignation over the Siberian outrages.

The audiences in the Louisville theatres knew nothing about the cyclone until they passed into the streets at the usual time.

Masked men robbed C. D. Miller, a farmer living near Lima, Ohio, as he was returning from town with $500 he had drawn from the bank.

Pittsburg Anarchists celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of Paris commune Saturday. Johann Most was the principal speaker.

A detachment of troops has gone from Fort Wingate, N. M., into the Navajo reservation to drive out a party of prospectors who have shown a disposition to fight the Indians.

Real estate is lively in San Francisco. Drifting sand dunes, with no streets opened, south of Golden Gate park, bring $1,400 per lot.

John Wanamaker's life is said to be insured for $1,700,000.

A Reporter Sentenced and Fined.

NEW YORK April 1.—Judge Barrett in the court of oyer and terminer gave his decision in the case of Dilworth Choate, the eavesdropping reporter of The World, finding him guilty of criminal contempt. He sentenced him to pay a fine of $250 and to be imprisoned for thirty days.

No Snakes, but Mosquitoes.

There are no snakes in Alaska, perhaps, because no snakes would live there. The only frog ever discovered by explorers there was found by my own party some years ago. Probably, however, there is no part of the world where mosquitoes are more dreadful than in Alaska. The soil is of a soft, spongy character that holds water for days after a rain, and the insects are bred out of it in such swarms that it is hardly possible for man or any other animal to exist among them. They attack the moose with such ferocity as to drive the beasts into the rivers, where the natives attack them with knives. Bears and reindeer are plentiful. Perhaps the worst part of Alaska is that to the northwest, south of the Yukon river—crossed but once by a party of explorers, who nearly starved to death.—Washington Star.

Attempts to Assassinate a Minister.

EASTON, Pa., April 1.—A ball from a revolver crashed through the window of the residence of Rev. O. D. Bartholomew, pastor of the St. John's German Lutheran church, Philipsburg, N. J., Saturday night, and narrowly missed the pastor's head. This is the second time that shots have been fired into this house. There is no clue to the perpetrator of the deed. The police are working on the case.

A Clash in the Courts.

CHICAGO, April 1.—The rulings of the circuit and appellate courts of this county in the celebrated case of Farwell vs. Nillson have been affirmed by the Illinois supreme court. The decision is contrary to that made in a similar case by the United States supreme court.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, March 31.

Quotations on the board of trade to-day were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 March, opened and closed 78¾c; May, opened 79¾c, closed 79¼c; July, opened 78c, closed 77¾c. Corn—No. 2 March, opened 29¼c, closed 29½c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 30¼c; July, opened 31¼c, closed 31⅛c. Oats—No. 2 March, opened and closed 22c; May, opened 22¾c, closed 22¼c; July, opened 21¾c, closed 21¾c. Pork—March, opened and closed $10.50; May, opened and closed $10.60; July, opened and closed $10.75. Lard—March, opened and closed $6.12½.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened active and firm, prices 5c higher; light grades, $4.10@4.30; rough packing, $4.10@4.30; mixed lots, $4.15@4.35; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.25@4.45. Cattle—Steady to strong; beeves, $3.25@5.00; bulk, $3.75@4.35; cows, $1.50@3.50; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.75; corn-fed Texans, $3.00@3.75. Sheep—Market steady; natives, $4.50@6.00; corn-fed westerns, $5.00@5.80; lambs, $5.25@6.85.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 25@25½c; fine creameries, 21@23c; dairies, finest, fresh, 20@23c; packing stock, 14@16c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 13c per doz. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 10½@11c per lb; turkeys, 10@13c per lb; ducks, 12@12½c; geese, 7@9c per lb. Potatoes—Peerless, 33@35c per bu; Beauty of Hebron, 30@40c per bu; Burbanks, 40@43c per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, good to fancy, $3.25@3.75. Apples—Good to fancy, $3.00@3.75 per bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin bell and cherries, $8.50@9.00 per bbl.

Broom Corn—Hurl, 3@3½c per lb; whisk brush 3½@5c; green, self-working, 3½@5c; inside and covers, 3½@3½c; common brush, 3½@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, March 31.

Wheat—No 2 red winter, 89c cash; do May, 87½c; do June, 86½c; do July, 81½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 37¾c cash; do April, 37c; do May, 37½c; do June, 37¾c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 mixed, 28¼c cash, do May, 27½c; do June, 27¼c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $11.50@12.00 for new. Lard—Dull. April, $6.53; July, $6.80; September, $6.69

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 5, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Henry E. Dixey.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"The Two Sisters."

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Boston Ideals.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE,
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Hans, the Boatman."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Herrmann.

HAYMARKET THEATRE,
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"My Jack."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE,
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"After Dark."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE,
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"Across the Continent."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Halsted street near Madison.—Corinne in "Woman Against Woman."

NATIONAL PANORAMA,
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. H. CONEY, Topeka, Kan.—Full answer to your inquiries will appear in the next issue.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

PIXLEY'S PUP BARKS AT THE IRISH.

A person called Frank Pixley—"Ptolemy what a name!"—edits the San Francisco *Argonaut*. His special hobby is abuse of all foreigners—except the British—and more particularly the Irish Catholics. He is a blackguard, a bigot and a libeler himself, and he is served by other blackguards, bigots and libelers. A correspondent of the *Argonaut*, writing from New York over the suggestive name of "Stuart" says in a recent issue:

"Irishmen hold all the offices, of course. The flag of Erin flies from the dome of the city hall. Mr. Hewitt's punishment for laying a sacrilegious hand on that beautiful custom has settled forever the equality of the Harp and Sunburst with the Stars and Stripes in the American metropolis. No newspaper here dares revolt against that sacred decree of the ballot-box, or if it does it must be content to put up with a small circulation and a select coterie of devoted advertisers who are willing to let it be known that they are ready to sacrifice their business interests in order to bear witness against Irish tyranny in America.

"The newspapers! Ah, you think those of San Francisco are subservient to the proud and sensitive race? Nearly every newspaper in this town is edited by the Irish. I do not mean by this that Irishmen do the directing and writing in the offices and draw the salaries, but that no word, no fact that could by any construction, however jealous or stupid, offend the feelings of the Milesian hordes, can possibly get into daily print. The *Times* and the *Evening Post* are exceptions—mild exceptions. To expect the *Sun*, *World* or *Herald* to condemn anything that an Irishman may do, short of murder or burglary, would be as wild as to look for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, *Examiner*, or *Call* to attack the Exclusion act and whoop for unlimited Chinese immigration.

"And, speaking of the men who draw the salaries on the newspapers, it is curious how little of the good writing on the press here, and throughout the country for that matter, is done by the race which is notoriously the wittiest, the gayest, the most gifted on earth. Irishmen in New York do much of the dull, ill-paid drudgery on the newspapers; but the bright fellows are not Irish. Henry Clay Carleton, Blakely Hall, Arthur Brisbain, "Nym Crinkle," Bill Nye, Willie Winter, and the rest.—Lord explain it!—there is not a 'Mc' or an 'O' among them.

"And beyond journalism is the same confounding miracle. Who will deny the wit of the Irish, yet where are the Irish wits? Mark Twain is surely not a Paddy. There never were such story-tellers as the Irish; but what Irish novelist is there now writing here, or in any part of the world, whose distinguished name the reader of the *Argonaut* can mention off hand?

"Where is the schoundhrel who will affirm that any people can vie with the Irish as lovers of music? But where, in the name of all that is contradictory and confusing, are the Irish composers, and singers, and performers in America?

"In addition to being prouder and more sensitive, braver, wittier, and more musical than all other races of men, the Irish are—Glory be to God!—the most religious."

And so the fellow proceeds to scold and make faces at his superiors through several columns of unmitigated trash. If Irishmen hold *all* the offices in New York, which is, of course, utterly untrue, it is because of their native ability, and the barking of the Scotch terrier called Stuart, can have no effect upon their fortunes. He simply shows himself to be a virulent, low-bred ruffian, unworthy even of the name he bears, and of the previous nationality which he disgraces.

The best and brightest spirits of the New York press have been, and many still are, of Irish birth or descent. Mr. Connery, who was for years the able manager of the New York *Herald*, is an Irishman, and James Gordon Bennett himself has a considerable amount of Irish blood in his veins. The most celebrated correspondent that the *Herald* ever had, excepting Henry M. Stanley, was James J. O'Kelly, at present a member of the British parliament. Another splendid writer, and also distinguished as a scientist, was Jerome J. Collins, who died with De Long on the delta of the Lena river, in the Arctic regions. New York journalism, in its higher spheres, still boasts of such Irish writers as Joseph I. C. Clark, of the *Morning Journal*, the author of the fine tragedy of "Robert Emmet" so highly praised by the leading papers of this country. The New York weekly press teems with able Irish writers. The *Irish World* has an unsurpassed corps of able editors, and the *Freeman's Journal* is conducted with marked ability. Daniel Dougherty is allowed to be the foremost orator of the United States, and the Hon. Richard O'Gorman, Mr. Bourke Cochran and Senator Thomas F. Grady are not much behind him in point of eloquence.

Go to Boston, and the name of John Boyle O'Reilly, one of the most gifted poets of the generation, is on every lip. He is recognized, even in exclusive Boston, as one of the leading lights of American literature. As orators few men of any race surpass the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, and the Hon. P. A. Collins. The late Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, whose home was in Boston, wrote the first epic poem of the century, and was distinguished in lyrical poetry also.

In St. Louis, the *Globe-Democrat* is owned and edited by one of the best war correspondents that ever put pen to paper, the Hon. Joseph B McCullough. He is a native of Dublin. William Stapleton is the brilliant editor of the Denver *Republican*. In Chicago two of the leading papers are owned by Irishmen, or the immediate descendants of Irishmen, and among the distinguished writers for the daily press may be mentioned Martin J. Russell, of the *Times*; Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, Col. J. K. C. Forrest, and the Hon. W. K. Sullivan. The Hon. Joseph Medill is certainly one of the leading editors of America, which means of the world, and his father and mother were both born in the county of Monaghan, Ireland.

The Irish are witty, but they are not buffoons. Much of their original light-heartedness has been taken out of them by over recurring misfortunes, and by persecutions which have survived even American civilization. The owners of such sheets as the *Argonaut* and *Puck* would torture the Irish people at the stake if they had the power. Fortunately they have not, and they are forced to expend their venom in bitter words or villainous cartoons.

Novel writing, although a pleasing gift, is not a calling that demands the highest type of genius. A knack of construction and a fluent pen often come to very ordinary people. But Ireland has produced great novelists, such as Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, John Banim, and Gerald Griffin. Justin McCarthy, M. P., is now the leading London novelist. Of course we cannot expect an ignorant and conceited bigot, like "Stuart" or Pixley, to acknowledge anything of the sort. Their purpose is to malign, and persistently seek to belittle the Irish race.

The most famous musical composer of the day is Sir Arthur Sullivan, knighted by the Queen of England because of his genius. Will "Stuart" claim that a man bearing the name of Sullivan is not of Irish blood? In America, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore upholds the Irish musical talent, and the memory of glorious Kate Hayes—the "nightingale of Ireland"—is still green in the memory of the American people. Michael Balfe, the talented author of "the Bohemian Girl," and other operas, will be remembered when the base Pixley, and all of his kind, are cooking their bigot shins before the kitchen fire of hell.

Of what blood comes James Whitcomb Riley (O'Reilly) the poet? Of what blood comes Healy the great painter, whose fame fills two continents? What American has ploduced a finer battle picture than John Mulvany's "Custer's Last Rally?" If Mulvany's name had been Pixley he might have, ere now, received the recognition to which his genius entitles him. But, an Irishman, even in this free land, owing to the blackguard scoundrelism of Pixley, "Stuart" & Co., must always discount his chances of success at 50 per cent.

On the stage, Irish talent is represented by Lawrence Barrett, William J. Florence, James O'Neill, Joseph Murphy, William J. Scanlan and many other artists of merit. What is this ignoramus, "Stuart" thinking about? The fellow must be a fool as well as a knave.

It ill becomes a "Stuart" to sneer at Irish bravery. A royal namesake of this yellow hound ran away from the Boyne, while the Irish were fighting in his defense. Col. Blacker, the celebrated Orange poet, in his poem on that battle, says:

In vain the sword Green Erin draws,
And life away doth fling—
Oh, worthy of a better cause
And of a braver king!
In vain her bearing bold is shown
Upon that blood-stained ground—
Her towering hopes are overthrown—
Her choicest fall around!
* * * * *
Nay look not to that distant height
In hope of coming aid
The dastard thence has ta'en his flight
And left thee all betrayed.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the victor shout
Is heard on high Donore
Down Plotten's vale in hurried rout
The shattered masses pour;
But many a gallant spirit there
Retreats across the plain
Who "change but kings" would gladly dare
That battlefield again!

And the late Dr. Wild, an Irish Protestant writer, dealing with the same subject, says:

But where is James? What, urged to fly
Ere quailed his brave defenders?
Their dead in Oldbridge crowded lie,
But not a sword surrenders!

It comes with bad grace from any man of the name of "Stuart" to throw mud at the Irish people. Would the scoundrel insult the graves of Montgomery and of Sullivan, of MacDonough and of Jackson, of Sheridan and Shields, of Meagher and of Mulligan? "Stuart," Pixley and the rest may spit and spew their venom against the Irish all they list, but the great record of the race, in peace and in war, makes it impervious to such malice. The Irish people have never denied such faults as, in common with all mortals, they have; but they have never been bigots or persecutors. As for their religion, they are, as a vast majority, faithful to the faith of their fathers, and the campaign of bigotry now progressing against the Catholic religion only makes them all the more devoted. They will stand by that faith in spite of Pixley, and his close friend, the devil; but they will do so as loyal and intelligent American citizens who know what they owe to God and to their country.

THE CITIZEN has, perhaps, devoted too much space to Pixley's pup, but it is sometimes necessary to expose the besotted ignorance of scoundrels who lay claim to superior knowledge.

METHODISTICAL MANIACS.

Can we be really living in the last decade of the Nineteenth century? This question suggested itself to THE CITIZEN after reading the following report in the local columns of the Chicago *Tribune* on Tuesday morning:

"'Catholicism and Its Relations to American Institutions'" was the subject of a paper read by the Rev. R. D. Shepard, professor of political economy in the Northwestern University, at a meeting of the Methodist ministers yesterday. The paper was a fierce attack on the Church of Rome and was provocative of a heated debate between the uncompromising antagonists of the Catholic church and one of the brethren who took up the cudgels in its behalf.

"Dr. Shepard assailed the Catholic parochial school system. The doctrines and teachings of the Romish church, he said, repressed the very lives of the pupils. Her systems of education were medieval, unkindly, inadequate and weak. The only salvation of the Romish church in this country was in obtaining control of its system of education. That was the church's design. The lecturer did not believe the great body of the Catholic laity was in accord with the church in attacking American institutions, particularly the public school system. There was, after all, no real danger to the American institutions from the influence of Rome; it was a foreign exotic that could not stand against the overshadowing influence and growth of American freedom.

"The Rev. Mr. Foster did not agree in this view. He saw danger in the number of Catholics appointed as teachers in the public schools, in the amount of money annually poured into the coffers of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, in the fight on the Bennett law, in the "cadets" and "zouaves" of the different Catholic churches, in the refusal of a Catholic janitor of a school to hoist the American flag on Washington's birthday, and in the hoisting of the "green flag" the 17th of March. He said St. Patrick was too decent a man to be a Catholic.

"The Rev. C. W. Bennett, professor in the Methodist Institute at Evanston, said: 'I claim there isn't one of us here who understands the Catholic church or its policy with any thoroughness, and I further claim there are not three in this meeting who can point out the distinction between the Methodist doctrine of salvation by justification and the doctrine adopted by the Council of Trent regarding the same subject.' The Catholic church, the speaker continued, had been assailed because it had a supreme head, but he claimed that the Methodist church had also a supreme authority, as had all churches who were not bound to disintegrate and go to pieces. The only difference was as to the amount of absolute authority. 'In many things,' he said, 'we might learn useful lessons from the church of Rome. We might with profit sit at the feet of that church and learn a lesson from her in regard to the sacredness of matrimony and the cause of divorce.'

"This created a regular outburst from the other clergymen present. The Rev. Dr. Curts, pastor of the Western Avenue church, said he for one would always object to taking lessons in religious and social purity from a clergy whose lives were not what they should be.

The Rev. S. H. Schwartz claimed that if the hidden records of the nunneries were made public many people would be shocked. Catholicism everywhere had been one long history of opposition to light and truth; her hand had ever been upon the throttle of liberty.

'The Rev. Mr. Jackson said the Catholic priesthood was not a body of men apt to preserve the germ of social purity, and a colored brother said the Romish church wanted to get its grip on the negro, but God and the United States were good enough for him. Several other ministers spoke in the same line."

THE CITIZEN has no objection whatever to an honest discussion of the school question, if intelligently conducted, because the reverened contestants on both sides can say much that will be both instructive and entertaining; but when low language like that of the "Rev." Mr. Schwartz and the "Rev." Mr. Jackson is permitted at a meeting held by clergymen of any denomination it cannot, as a paper which enters respectable households, permit such ribalry to pass unnoticed. Messrs. Schwartz and Jackson must have bad hearts and corrupt natures when they venture to use such language to the Catholic clergy and the noble Sisters of Mercy and Charity, whose heroic devotion to the wounded and the sick on many a field of blood, and in many a crowded hospital, the American nation has witnessed and acknowledged. The words uttered by both men, as reported, would disgrace street ruffians and corner loafers. If the congregations to whom the men mentioned preach, have any sense of chivalry, they will immediately demand their resignations.

THE CITIZEN disdains to enter into any specific defense of the priests and nuns of the Holy Catholic church. They need none. Their high-souled purity and charitable deeds speak for themselves. Priests have fallen—Luther and Hyacinthe fell—nuns have fallen, but they immediately ceased to be priests or nuns, in the sense of good standing in the church. They were immediately cast forth from its sacred bosom, as if they had been so many devils. The Protestant clergy can ill afford to assail their Catholic brothers of the cloth. The scandals in all the Protestant churches—and THE CITIZEN writes this in no sense of religious intolerance, for it has none—have been fifty fold greater than those which have occasionally arisen in Catholic congregations, both as regards the clergy and the laity. The home life of honest, sincere Catholics is the purest in the world. The Catholic house is a temple of chastity, where conjugal, paternal and filial love consecrates the noble family tie. Divorce-mungers find no employment among sincere Catholic families. Separations sometimes occur, but divorces are practically unknown, except among such former members of the church as have lost their faith. Catholicity frowns upon free love and everything that leads up to it.

THE CITIZEN makes no sweeping charge against the Protestant religion. There are millions of Protestants who are just as good and pure as their Catholic fellow citizens, but many Protestant congregations are truly cursed by alleged ministers, half educated, and nursed on the gall and wormwood of rancorous bigotry. Some of them have failed in every other walk of life—professional misfits—and take up preaching for a living. They are little brained, little souled, meanly jealous and diabolically spiteful. An unlettered, bigot preacher is a nuisance and ought to be abated by the force of public opinion. While there are great and liberal Protestant divines, like Talmage, Collyer and Swing, there are thousands of mediocre, narrow-minded ministers who disgrace not alone Protestantism but also Christianity and humanity at large. But their wild ravings will have no other effect than to disgust all decent people of whatever denomination.

THE IRISH MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN NEW YORK.

The annual feis ceoil, or musical festival of the Gaelic Society of New York, will take place on Easter Tuesday at Steinway Hall in that city. It promises to be a very successful entertainment this time, for some of the most eminent Irish and Irish-American artists in the country will display their talents at it. The programme will embrace the choicest gems of Celtic melody. Miss Inez Carusi and Mrs. Hun-King will be the chief attractions as singers; and Mr. Kerrigan, the celebrated Irish piper, will charm the audience with his wondrous performance on that particularly Irish instrument, the bag-pipes. It is quite time for the Irishmen of Chicago to do like their countrymen in New York and Philadelphia, and establish a permanent musical festival to take place at a fixed date every year. Nothing tends more to keep up the spirit of a nation than cultivating its songs and music, especially songs and music so glorious as those of Ireland. Truly indeed has the Irish poet said:

"Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever,—
The power and beauty of thrones pass away;
But yours is the might of some deep flowing river,
Through summer's bright roses and autumn's decay."

SOME SOUND SENSE.

People Should not Expect the Granting of all Prayers.

Advice to Those who Desire to Follow Literature as a Profession.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 31.—"A distracted wife and mother," in the course of a long and very sad letter makes use of the following expression: "I have wept rivers of tears, lectured and scolded by the hour, and prayed from bedtime till dawn many and many a night, but my prayers were unavailing as my tears."

Now, I haven't the slightest doubt about the good intentions and moral worth of the writer of the above. No amount of temptation would be likely to lure her from the straight and narrow way, and it is impossible for her to understand how any one can stray into "by and forbidden paths." She has an overweening consciousness of her own rectitude, and this mental attitude is a constant reproach as well as a constant irritation to the sinners about her. There is nothing so maddening as a lecture unless it is tears, and the woman who prays when she ought to be sleeping, lacks wisdom. If the fervent prayers of the mothers of the world had availed, there would not be a man or a woman astray on the face of the earth. Did any one ever know prayer to remove a physical deformity—a humped back or a twisted limb? Prayer will help us to bear these crosses in our own cases, and in the cases of our children, but that is all we can expect. This is precisely the way with moral twists. We can brace ourselves to bear what we must bear, but we cannot pray a truant husband back again, nor by "wrestling in prayer" can we stop the son from gambling or worse. I know of only one way that promises the least success in such cases, and that is to love the sinner. I never found anything else that would work. Constant weeping destroys the eyesight and demoralizes the nervous system; domestic lecturing developes obstinacy in the lectured, and vanity and self righteousness in the lecturer, and prayer that takes the place of necessary sleep and rest is simply a dissipation—a wicked waste of vital force. I wish my correspondent would come to recognize the fact so constantly ignored by reformers as well as by other people, and that some members of the human family grow in grace much more slowly than others. This thought brings patience with it. The child who is warped morally should have quite as much consideration shown it as the child who is humped-backed. If the time comes as it often does, that we are compelled to see those we love suffer the consequences of their sinning, we must try and believe these processes are proper and educatory, and in the straight line of evolution. For this is the truth. So let us be tender and considerate. Let us not weep, nor scold, nor lecture, nor pray at unseemly hours. Let us make an atmosphere so warm and so loving that even the hardened sinner will wonder why he likes to linger, and as he lingers the work goes on.

The Woman's Exchange of New York has inaugurated an exhibition which will commence on April 7, and continue five weeks. It will be one of the most interesting and instructive affairs ever held in New York, or any other city, and the bright women who have planned the details and perfected all the arrangements deserve great credit for their skill and industry. Mr. Edison is in hearty sympathy with the work of this society, and has lately contributed $5,000. Besides this gift he donated the Edison exhibit from the Paris Exposition, which everybody knows is a marvel. The Royal Hungarian Elite Orchestra will be on hand, and there will be no end of beautiful things.

The long full cloak which covers the whole dress, and which was so fashionable last summer will hold its own this year. Those of my readers who want something really elegant and serviceable should purchase the new shower proof serge, and have it made into one of these wraps. Water does not make the slightest impression upon these goods. For traveling such garments are invaluable. They are equally appropriate for the summer sunshine and the rainy day. Loose hoods are being made with these cloaks, and will be carried in the inside pocket, so that in case of a sudden shower the hat or bonnet can be protected.

"Poverty Stricken Widow" writes for advice as to earning a living. She has no talent for sewing, hates housework, and knows nothing whatever about business. She can "compose a good letter," and feels that if she can have a little encouragement she can make her mark in "literature." There is something very discouraging about the appearance of literature as written by my correspondent, and when considered in connection with other mistakes in her brief communication, my judgment is that the profession of literature will have to get along without her. I dislike exceedingly to throw cold water on any honest effort, but there is no calling which demands more general and particular information than that of the author. It is true that some of our most brilliant writers are weak in orthography, but it is a fault of the ear and not the result of ignorance. So there is bad spelling that does not count, and bad spelling that will condemn the writer in two lines, and the careful critic can discriminate in a moment between them. To have lived to the age of thirty-five without knowing how to write an intelligent letter, and then expect to earn money by the pen, would be sublimely impertinent if it were not so common. Think of it, a penniless widow with three children to feed and clothe. "No talent for sewing, hates to work, doesn't know anything about business." And yet we are told by Grant Allen and other extremists that it is the duty of every woman to marry and bear at least four children. If the wife is "pleasing to her husband" that is all that is necessary. The more of an ignoramus she is, the better, provided she is pretty and well dressed and does not object to maternity. Away with such teaching. Let us educate our girls in useful ways, and prevent their marrying, if possible, until they are not only able to support themselves but their husbands and the children that usually come along quite fast enough.

The rule for making "Yankee Pan Cake," which has been asked for several times is as follows. I am indebted to Mrs. E. Y. Robinson, of Boston, one of the most talented housekeepers in Massachusettes, for this receipe. A quart of sifted flour into which a great spoonful of butter, a pinch of salt and a great spoonful of granulated sugar has been carefully rubbed. Dissolve a Fleischmann's Compressed Yeast cake in a little warm water, and stir it with warm milk enough to make a soft batter. Set in warm place to rise. When light, add two well-beaten eggs, and bake in large cakes on a round griddle. Butter and sugar each one as it leaves the pan. Place in the oven, and when six or eight are baked serve in pie pieces.

ELEANOR KIRK.

UMPIRES WANTED.

[*To the Editor.*]

MARCH 29, 1890.—I would not, perhaps, be justified in taking any notice of the extraordinary letter in your last issue signed "T. D. Norris," were it not that it does such injustice to the Irish language. I don't care what Mr. Norris may say about me, or what he thinks about my knowledge of Gaelic grammar; but when he makes statements, whether through ignorance or a spirit of opposition, that tend to confuse students of Gaelic, and bring the language itself into contempt, I consider it time to protest. I have no intention to enter into a grammatical disquisition with the gentleman, for reasons which I could not state without giving him offense; but I make the following proposition, which, if he is earnest in his desire to serve the cause of the Irish language, and to learn something about its grammar, he will undoubtedly accept:—I propose to leave the decision of the matter to a majority of the four following gentlemen, who are considered to be the best modern Gaelic scholars in America, namely, Mr. D. Magner, Fort Washington, New York City; "Patraic" the poet; Mr. H. Magee, of the Gaelic Society, No. 17 West Twenty-eighth street, New York, and Mr. P. J. O'Daly, of Boston. If a majority of those gentlemen say that my corrections of the Gaelic that Mr. Norris claims as his own composition, are not in the main right, I will pay *five years'* subscription to THE CITIZEN; if they say I am right in the main, then let Mr. Norris pay *five years'* subscription to THE CITIZEN. If he does not accept this proposition he will leave himself open to be considered very insincere in his desire to serve the cause of the Irish language.

I would feel very much obliged, therefore, if you would kindly send copies of the issue containing my criticism of Mr. Norris' Gaelic, and the issue containing this letter, to Mr. D. Magner, One Hundred and Seventy fifth street, Fort Washington, New York City, and to Mr. P. J. Daly, care of Messrs. P. J. Daly & Co., Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass. The other two gentlemen mentioned as references see your journal regularly. Mr. Norris knows those whom I have named, and knows that they are perfectly competent to act as judges in this matter.

T. O. RUSSELL.

THE PARNELL BRANCH.

Annual Election of Officers—President Killelea's Address.

[*Nashville American.*]

The Parnell branch of the Irish National League held a meeting at Simmons' hall yesterday afternoon. It was by all odds the largest and most enthusiastic gathering of the members that has been had during the past twelve months.

Several communications from the headquarters of the Irish National League were presented, among them being one from John P. Sutton, the national secretary.

When the order of new business was announced, President Killelea arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the Parnell Branch: Under the head of new business the first thing in order is the election of officers for the branch for the coming year. My time as president of your branch now ceases. Five years ago when your branch was organized it was thought then that Mr. Parnell would soon accomplish the object that he and his Parliamentary party had in view; that was securing self-government for Ireland through the British parliament. Mr. Parnell has met with obstructions to the immediate triumph of the great cause that he and his Parliamentary party are advocating, but the cause still lives and will live. It is not necessary for me to talk to you about the condition of affairs in Ireland and the British government, as Secretary Sutton's able letter, which has been read, gives you an idea of the outlook for the Irish cause. My remarks will, therefore, be confined to the duty of the National League in this country—what it should do in aiding Mr. Parnell and his party until he gets self government for Ireland. The small tax that each member of the league pays is light, but it is a large sum in the aggregate, and but for the aid of the National League in this country Parnell and his Irish Parliamentary party could do nothing. The prospects for self-government for Ireland were never brighter than at the present time. I would, therefore, ardently express the sincere hope that the Parnell branch will never allow itself to stand back, but will move vigorously forward in the just and noble and patriotic work it has most steadfastly pursued since its organization, and that it all never consent to let up in its efforts until local government for Ireland shall have been accomplished."

First Vice President M. J. Martin was then called to the chair, when the following officers were elected:

James Killelea, president; James Malloy, first vice president; M. J. Lafley, second vice president; James Brew, third vice president; Thomas J. Rooney, recording secretary; T. J. Hook, financial secretary; Thomas Grady, sergeant-at-arms; M. J. Martin, collector.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered the officers who have so faithfully served in their respective positions during the past year.

The branch then adjourned until the next regular meeting.

OH "ANGLO-SAXONS!"

How do You Like the Following Article by an Inquisitive Celt Who Tears Your Pretensions to Pieces?

America, by the Grace of God, is the Nurse of all the Nations and the Mother of the Red Indians.

A writer in the Memphis *Commercial*, George O'C. Cuming, says:

Even Green, whose history is very much of a patriotic character, does not claim that Anglo Saxon and English are convertible terms. The English people are indeed, as you say, a composite people, hence not an Anglo-Saxon people. But it is with the composition of the people of the United States vaguely called Americans, that I am primarily concerned. In 1783 the United States had a population of 3,000,000, of which about twenty per cent were colored. (I am acquainted with an old gentleman who was then two years old, and whose memory is in some respects better than mine.) Prosperous England, receiving abundant immigrants from Wales, Ireland, Scotland and the continent, trebled her population in 250 years, that is, from 5 000 000 in Queen Elizabeth's time to 15,000,000 in 1841, the the greatest European increase. By no possibility, excluding immigrants, could our 3 000,000 amount to 12,000,000 at this date, but we shall assume that extravagant figure. The balance of our supposed population may be estimated at 53 600,000, which owes it origin to the 15,715 814 immigrants, mostly adults, which we have received since 1783 and whose nativity the Government returns enable us to find out with tolerable accuracy.

	Non English.	*English.*
Early immigrants, 560,000, nativities not specified, but proportions calculated by that of succeeding return..	440,000	120 000
Immigrants, to 1880—		
Ireland	1,137 364	
Germany	3,159 072	
Scandinavia	420 369	
France	313,013	
Scotland	162,187	
Switzerland	89 815	
Italy	79.098	
Holland and Belgium	72 138	
Russia	32 832	
Spain and Portugal	27 902	
Poland	17,008	
*Wales	19 066	
Hungary	10,448	
Other unspecified continental countries	460,410	
Asia, Mexico, British America, West Indies, Central and South America, Africa, etc	1,123,244	
From Canada and Mexico, not recorded but estimated	100 000	
Up to January 1, 1890	9,641 916	1,073,898
Immigration from January 1, 1890, to January 1, 1890, is almost exactly 5,000,000. The English percentage has fallen off, but we shall allow 10 per cent for convenience sake	4,500 000	500,000
Total	14,141,916	1,573,898
Percentage	50	10

As to the proportion of the English and and non-English in the twelve millions which we, by an excessive liberality assume to be descended from the three millions of 1783, we can do no more than make a half guess, half estimate. New York's early population was Dutch, as was that of Northern New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and they are very numerous there to this day. South Jersey's first settlers were Swedes. The Scotch Irish (absurdly so called) settled in Georgia, Virgina, North Carolina, and so numerous were they in Pennsylvania that the bulk of the Pennsylvania line was composed of the Irish stock during the War of the Revolution. From there the Scotch Irish migrated to Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, etc. Theo. Roosevelt says of them:

"The extension of the western boundary of the United States in the treaty with Great Britain was the result of the conquest of the country by the backwoods men, who were Scotch-Irish." (Nothing Anglo-Saxon about them.) "But for them the Alleghanies would have been our western boundary and some European power would have owned the Mississippi Valley."

Then we have the French of Louisiana and South Carolina, and let me again repeat, the English gentry are not Anglo-Saxons; the Roundheads were, and their children, the Massachusetts Puritans; but the Cavaliers, who settled in Virginia and Maryland, were many of them of gentle blood. They were English, and Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone are English, but with hardly a drop of Anglo Saxon blood in their veins as you may see by referring to "Burke's Peerage and Patronage." Let us, however, be more than liberal, and assume that of the 12,000,000 descendants, white and colored of the men of 1783, there are two-thirds English.

	Non English.	*English.*
Descendants of old settlers	4,000,000	8,000,000
Per cent	33 1-3	66 2-3
Descendants of settlers since 1783	47,700,000	5.300 000
Per cent	90	10
Total	51,700,000	13,300,00

The English portion of our population, therefore, cannot, at the most extravagant estimate, be more than a little over 20 per cent, a proportion continually decreasing from three causes; their comparatively small families, their artificially small families in New England and certain parts of the Middle States owing to shameful but well known causes, which I shall not dwell upon, and their diminishing proportion of the general immigration. It is not a little singular that with a differently constituted population, there is just the same proportion of English stock in the Dominion of Canada; there the census takes account of the descent of the people. This is the official return:

DOMINION OF CANADA, 1880.

Irish	950 403
Scouch	699,863
Italians, Swedes, Welsh, etc	485 314
French	1,298,929
60 per cent non English	3,443 500
20 per cent English	881,801
Total	4,324 810

Now we find that of the 70,000,000 persons north of Mexico 20 per cent are of English stock. The question next arises, what proportion of these are Anglo-Saxon? Let us examine.

Grant Allen says ("Common Sense Science," Lothrop & Co., Boston, 1886): "Cornwall, Cumberland, Westmoreland and most of Lincolnshire escaped Anglo Saxon settlement, as did the twelve counties of Wales (which are situated to the west, not in the west of England). In Devon, Somerset, Dorset, Hereford, Worcestershire, as well as in Shropshire and Cheshire, the invading Anglo Saxons seem to have been a mere sprinkling of a superior class among a large mass of servile Welsh (or British) cultivators." The above enumeration makes twenty-three of the fifty two counties of England and Wales. He says further: "Had the Anglo-Saxon exterminated or driven out the earlier and darker half, Celtic population, the people of England at this day would be, without exception, as light haired and blue eyed as in the fairest part of Norway and Sweden. But as a matter of fact, in modern England dark curly hair and black or blackish eyes are to be found in quite half the "existing population." Observe he is not referring to Celtic Wales. After noticing "the swamping of the light-haired Aryan by his dark brother." Mr. Allen says: "Moreover the Celt, or, in other words, the mixed dark race, increases and multiplies much faster than his fairer brother, the Saxon. So that at the present day there can be little doubt that the dark type on the whole predominates over the fair * * * * whose mental superiority is not borne out by close observation among the distinguished men of the present day.

So far Mr. Grant Allen, a sound thinker, born in America, domiciled in London, recognized as a litterary critic of the first class. Of Du Chaillu's "Vikings," I can only say with the reviewer in the *Evening Post*, New York, 17th inst.: "His theories are not to be taken seriously." As to DeKay's ridiculous essays in the *Century Magazine*, I take them medicinally when I want to enjoy a hearty laugh at his Finns and Ugrians of Ireland and Wales. I am a native of the north of Ireland, of Scotch, but further back of French descent (De Cominee); I have lived in the west of Ireland, have visited Scotland, dwelt among the Scotch Irish and broken bread with the Finns. I have also read Keating's History in the graceful orignal Gaelic, for which it is highly valued.

The Celts of Ireland of the distinguishable types speak the same identical Gaelic as is spoken in the Highlands of Scotland; nor is there a trace of a different language. Forty one per cent of the people of Munster and Connaught speak Gaelic. The Welsh still speak their own language, in which they publish six newspapers in the United States. What language is that? Is it Ugrian Finnish? Not a word. They have the Roman letter, not the uncial letter of the Gaels, and express certain sounds by a double consonant system, but I know that an uneducated Irish or Scotch Highland peddler or traveling tinker can travel through Wales and understand the speech of its people. It is, in fact, a Celtic speech, bearing about the same relation to the Gaelic of the Scotch and Irish that the Portuguese does to the Latin.

*As the United States Census, 1880, shows the residents here of Welsh are as one to eight of those of English birth it follows that eleven and one-ninth per cent of the number of immigrants credited to England and Wales were born in the latter country. The Welsh are an emigrating people. Liverpool, by recent count, had 80,000 Welsh in its population. How many children of Welsh parents are born in England?

PERSONAL.

The following Chicagoans and others were ticketed by J. D. O'Leary this week for Europe: Mr. Herbert T. Anning, Mr. Frederick F. Fezzie, Mr. E. M. Lahiff, Mrs. Mary Martin, James Martin, Officer P. O'Hare, Mrs. L. B. Hamlin and Mrs. W. H. Claudman, of Elgin, Ill. Mr. Herbert T. Anning and Frederick F. Fezzie, both department managers of the firm of Farwell & Co., sail this Saturday for a 30 days' trip to Europe per steamship "Etruria." Mr. Edward M. Lahiff, a well known member of the Celto-American League, sails this Saturday for his native City on the Lee for a brief visit.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO TO EUROPE in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—LAKE SHORE ROUTE. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, agent, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

OBITUARY.

BERNARD G. CALLAGHAN, JR.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Callaghan suffered a bitter bereavement last week in the unexpected death of their little son, Bernard G. Callaghan, Jr. which occured at the family residence on Champlain avenue. The child, who was an exceptionally bright little fellow of three and a half years, was ill only a little while, and the shock of his death was, therefore, intensified to both his parents and grandparents. THE CITIZEN extends its sympathy to the afflicted family.

Hibernian Rifles Entertainment.

The first regiment of the Hibernian Rifles will give a grand military entertainment and dance at West Twelfth Street Turner Hall on Easter Monday night. There will be stereoscopic views of some of the most famous scenery of Ireland. The music will be of the best kind that money can procure, and the entertainment bids fair to be the most successful of the kind that this well known and deservedly popular regiment has ever given.

DON'T GIVE UP, there is a cure for catarrh and cold in the head. Thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It is a safe and pleasant remedy. It is applied into the nostrils. It is not a liquid or snuff. It cures by cleansing and healing. Price 50c.

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NEWS JOTTINGS.

The bill to admit Wyoming as a State was passed by the house.

Mrs Crook, widow of Gen. Crook will take up her permanent residence in Oakland, Md.

Emin Pasha writes that an Arab now at Mobassa, saw the massacre of Dr. Peters' party, and saw the body of Dr. Peters after the fight.

The bill to authorize the president to appoint and retire John C. Fremont as a major-general in the United States army, was reported favorably to the Senate.

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Respectfully,

H. F. ROOT, 183 Pearl Street, New York.

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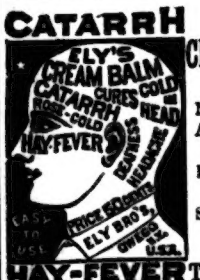

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68 WABASH AVENUE.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc. of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

A JOLLY WIZARD.

Oh, a wizard dwelt in a cave by the sea,
And a dreamer of dreams was he,
The wild waves' roar as they broke on the shore,
Gave him mirth and jollity.
For he'd people the rocks and the sounding deep
With phantasies weird as the products of sleep.

Oh, he dreamed of a maiden fair as a star,
Who came o'er the rolling sea
On the snowy crest of the billow's breast;
With airy head walked she,
And her face was as white as the driven snow,
And her voice was like music sad and low.

Oh, she sang of love, and of lovers' pain,
And she sang of a dream so sweet
That had urged her soul to a desperate goal,
For the sake of a wild heart beat,
For the lover she loved in her fondest dream
Was false as the glitter of brook and stream.

Oh, the wizard dwelt in a cave by the sea,
And a dreamer of dreams was he,
Through phantasies sad and phantasies glad,
He kept his jollity;
"For a dream is a dream, and not life," quoth he,
"But love which is life ne'er a dream can be."

—Washington Star.

AN ECCENTRIC HEIRESS.

Over the long brown level of the landscape the pink coats made vivid spots. The gray uppiled clouds parted here and there, giving passage to silver lances of slanting light. There was a sea wind at large, but it was tempered by intermediate spaces of sandbar and of dead stretch of meadow grass, shriveled and dry.

The hunt was over. The wind blew up more keenly.

"It's veering to the east," said the young man who rode at Miss Brockton's side, and who had managed to keep near her from start to finish. "Fortunate we had such a capital day. There'll be rain to-morrow."

Nothing original in the remarks. But then why expect originality? Mr. Thomas Ashington Revery was a good looking youth, who sat his mount well and was quite faultless in the matter of coats and collars, nails and hands and boots. What more could one ask?

But Miss Geraldine Brockton appeared to have an attitude of asking the absurd, the impossible. Had she not owned a million in her own right such peculiarities as hers—such marked, curious ways of looking at things and doing things—would really have seemed in questionable form. She was even as unseizable at every point as those long rays of silver white light that filtered through the clouds and melted and was gone again as you looked. Here, a few minutes ago, with the glad blood in her cheeks caused by the rapid motion, she had seemed vivid, animated, pleased with herself, with life, with her companion, perhaps. And now that the latter had simply uttered a word or two in a softer strain she had stiffened and frozen, abruptly, unapproachably.

"D— the whims of women!" said Thomas Ashington Revery to himself. "How is one to make headway with such a girl as this?"

When Miss Brockton had dismounted at her own door she went straight into the pretty room where sat her chaperone, relative and companion, Mrs. Gwynne, making tea.

This lady glanced up, caught the look in the girl's eye and said:

"What has Mr. Revery been doing?"

"Doing?" Miss Brockton's magnificent eyes flashed fire. "Do you suppose I care what that—creature does?"

"If you don't care for him he cares for you."

"For me!" Geraldine laughed with ineffable scorn. "For my money, you mean!"

So that was the trouble again. Mrs. Gwynne had perceived at once that the girl was in one of her "moods."

"I shall advise you, Geraldine, to rid yourself of that prepossession of yours. You are grown morbid on the subject. You are quite capable of being liked for yourself, even if you are an heiress. Be reasonable. I suppose you are not prepared to be an old maid? Then don't ask too much of men."

Geraldine looked at her.

"I hate my money!" she said, with slow, vibrant intensity. "I hate it!"

"You would hate more being without it," observed Mrs. Gwynne, sipping her tea.

"You think so!" said the girl coldly. "You are mistaken!"

She paused abruptly. A lad had burst into the room, followed by a young man, tall and dark. This was Eddy, Miss Brockton's brother and pet, and his tutor. The boy began to chatter away to his sister, but the tutor presently said:

"Come, my boy."

"Shall I give you a cup of tea, Mr. Severn?" asked Mrs. Gwynne.

"Thank you; no."

He was gone with the boy. Geraldine had not spoken. After a little she laughed:

"What a model tutor it is! How well he keeps to his place!"

Mrs. Gwynne flushed angrily.

"I wonder at you, Geraldine! There are times when you seem lacking not only in feeling but in good taste! Mr. Severn is a gentleman—a scholar! More of a gentleman and undoubtedly more of a scholar than any Gwynne of Brockton, perhaps!"

Geraldine turned a little pale.

"How very cutting! How you take Mr. Severn's part! Happy Mr. Severn!" Then, abruptly, without warning of any sort, she bridged the space between herself and the little Moorish stand, and Mrs. Gwynne, in deep surprise, felt the convulsive clasp of two strong young arms about her neck.

"Oh, Aunt Martha! Aunt Martha! Aunt Martha! Don't mind me! Don't scold me! I—I—I am unhappy! And in doubt! I am so tossed about! So—so"——

"Why—why—Geraldine!"

But the storm—or that phase of it, at least—had passed already. Geraldine drew herself up. She set her teeth, her lips.

"But I shall not be any longer. I am resolved! I shall know what to expect!"

Her eyes shone, a brilliant smile flashed over the traces of tears. She opened the door and vanished.

When Thomas Ashington Revery called the next day Mrs. Gwynne was constrained to tell him that Miss Brockton had gone to town.

"What! Already? She told me she expected to remain out until after the last meet!"

"Oh, she has only gone in for two or three days," Mrs. Gwynne hastened to explain. "She told me that she wished to see her lawyer and her guardian." Mrs. Gwynne smiled. "You know, she is a creature of moods."

Full well did Tom Revery know it! Did one ever see clearly how one stood with her? He departed crestfallen, inwardly fuming. She had seemed sometimes to like him well—very well, and she was certainly a very handsome girl, and he—well, he was undoubtedly in love with her; and there was the money! It appeared outrageous to the young man, whose own patrimony was less ample than he could have wished it, that a mere girl and a stripling should each have inherited such wealth. That was the stripling riding by now, and the tall, dark fellow with him was his tutor. It occurred to Tom Revery to wonder, in passing, whether the tutor ever saw much of his pupil's sister.

"Must be rather rough on the poor chap if he's susceptible at all!"

It was a week later, and Miss Brockton was not only at home this time, but had been sitting with Mr. Revery for nearly an hour.

There had now fallen over the room a heavy silence. It lasted only a few seconds, but the pause seemed an endless one. Miss Brockton had risen suddenly and was standing with an elbow against the mantel. As her visitor seemed helplessly to fumble for the fitting word she repeated a little nervously:

"I am sorry—very sorry—for this misunderstanding. But—I—cannot marry you, Mr. Revery. I shall never marry at all."

At this unlikely statement the suitor regained courage.

"Miss Brockton! Geraldine!"

"No; it is improbable that I should ever marry. Of course, many men might be tempted to propose to me, thinking me rich. But my property will soon, by my own desire, be so disposed of that I shall have only a moderate income. Even should I marry, my will is so made that nothing I have, in case of my death, would go to my husband. So you see, such considerations may act as deterrents."

"Miss Brockton, you — you cannot think, it is not possible that you would believe me"—Revery was turning, in rapid succession, from red to white, from white to red. The girl pitied his discomfiture.

"Not at all, Mr. Revery. I suspect you of no interested motives. But I do not care for you—in the way you mean."

Five minutes afterwards she was sitting by the fire alone, a scornful smile on her lips that presently faded away and into a sigh. Some one came in at the door as she sat there, but turned again, retreating. At the sound Geraldine glanced around.

"Don't go, Mr. Severn; let me tell you of an interview I have just had."

She had started to her feet again and stood in the attitude she had assumed a little before, with her arms resting on the chimney top. Dusk was coming on and the room was in a penumbra, save for the firelight. These leaping flames illuminated the face above them. Such a face! Arthur Severn felt dizzy for a moment. He had never seen her look like that. She had never flashed that smile, that eyebeam, upon him. She had never addressed him in that friendly, jesting tone. She was suddenly all life, all softness, all charm. She seemed to wish to atone for her sullenness, her arrogance. What a will-o'-the-wisp she was! Changeful as a witch.

"An interview?" said the young man guardedly. He would not let himself go. He kept a tight rein on himself.

"With Mr. Revery; yes—fancy! I have all at once come to the conclusion that I wish to be married, if I am married at all, for myself. The heiress, Miss Brockton, will in a short time have practically ceased to exist and there will remain only Geraldine Brockton, with a small income. Well, I told Mr. Revery this. And would you believe it. He did not propose to Geraldine Brockton, though a moment before he had offered his hand and heart to Miss Brockten, the heiress!"

She was laughing now. Her eyes continued to flash upon him with that strange lambent persistence. It was almost like a challenge. What could she mean? Again Severn seemed to turn dizzy. He kept his outward composure by a tremendous effort.

"If what you say is true, Miss Brockton, you will regret it, perhaps."

"Regret giving nearly all my fortune to charitable institutions? Ah, you judge as the world judges, do you? I had thought differently of you, Mr. Severn. Why should I wish to be so rich?" she cried, with a sort of fierceness. "Other women may be able to stand the test. I could not. It was making me hard, suspicious. It was making me doubt the whole world. It was stifling me. I shall have enough left for all the decencies and comforts of life. And I am free! Yes, I am free now. Before I was a slave—a slave to flatterers, to fortune hunters, to every form of human hypocrisy. Other people may feel themselves exalted by such a position. I felt myself degraded!"

She stopped. She almost seemed to pant. The blood rushed to Severn's brain. He took a step forward. What was he about to do—what to say? Whatever it might have been, the portiere was drawn aside and Mrs. Gwynne came in. The words remained unuttered on his lips.

But Miss Brockton spoke. A strange spirit appeared to possess her, urging her on, goading her to abrupt disclosures.

"Ah, Aunt Martha! I wonder if you'll be surprised, too, at my news. I have made an announcement which has stricken two men dumb with astonishment already. And yet it does not seem so strange, does it? Mr. Severn seems scarcely to believe that I have given away nearly all my fortune."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Gwynne.

Severn had vanished.

"You do say such extraordinary things at times, declared Mrs. Gwynne. "People will really believe, at length, that you are not quite right, Geraldine."

"Aunt Martha!" Geraldine stood upright before her. "You don't believe me, either? It is true—true—! That was why I went to town to see the lawyer and"——

Mrs. Gwynne had fallen into a chair.

"What! Then all I have to say, Geraldine, is that you are insane! absolutely insane! Who ever heard of a girl giving away her fortune before?"

"Perhaps not, but"——

"You will regret this!"

Geraldine gave a strange, slightly bitter smile.

"I hope not!"

* * * * * * * *

"Jerry! Jerry!"

It was her younger brother's voice and it startled her from a fitful sleep. She started up confusedly. The boy called again. His room was just across the hall. An acrid odor of smoke touched her nostrils. Throwing on her wrapper and weak kneed with fear she threw herself against the door. The hall was dark. She opened the door of the boy's room—a dense cloud rose toward her and smote her in the face.

She cried out aloud—once, twice—for help and then uttered the boy's name. But there was no answer.

The fire, which had smoldered at first, now broke out fiercely.

"Eddy! Eddy!" cried the girl and threw herself into the room. She could see nothing. She was blinded—she could not breathe. She stumbled over a prostrate body.

"Eddy!" she stammered again.

Then she felt herself wrenched away by a strong arm, and some one had seized the boy's inanimate form and dragged it out of the room and her with it.

The next clear thing of which she was conscious was of a tongue of flame running up her pretty dressing gown and of being suddenly enveloped in Arthur Severn's coat, while this covering and his hands and arms stifled the just born blaze. They stood in the hall and the cloak—and the arms—were still around her and she was trembling in their clasp. Lights flashed out at the other end of the hall and people came rushing along it, and Mrs. Gwynne appeared, white and breathless.

"Merciful heaven!"

It was only a little fire, after all, started from the boy's bed-curtain having taken the blaze of a candle which he had left near it as he dropped asleep. It was not long before the lad had been restored to consciousness, the tattered curtains torn down, the charred bedding removed.

But Mrs. Gwynne did not regain her color. What was that she had seen? Should she ever forget it? Geraldine—Arthur Severn! Why, he had held her in his arms! He had held her in his arms and she had not seemed to struggle—she had not seemed to move!

All the next day Mrs. Gwynne went about in a sort of a dream. Finally, entering the drawing room at twilight, as she had done the day before, she staggered back. If there had been any doubt in the night there was no doubt now. Geraldine and Severn were there near the fire, very close together, and he was bending, bending down over the uplifted face.

"Aunt Martha!"

Arthur Severn started and stood upright. It is a man's misfortune never to look heroic thus caught in the act. But Geraldine only smiled a divine smile.

"Aunt Martha, Mr. Severn and I are to be married next month."

An hour later Mrs. Gwynne said:

"And so this was the reason for your giving up your money?"

"Yes. My money kept him away from me. And—I wanted, beside, to make sure that he loved me for myself. And he does! He does!"

Mrs. Gwynne looked at the radiant face for a long, silent minute.

"You are certainly," she observed, with slow deliberation, "the most eccentric girl I ever knew in my life!"

And Geraldine only laughed.—New York Mercury.

Oriental Ideas of Punctuality.

The indifference of time, characteristic of orientals, was illustrated in many amusing ways when first a railway was opened in a new part of India. Nothing but bitter experience could convince the natives that a train, unlike the bullock wagons they had been accustomed to, would not wait an indefinite time to pick up passengers. The deputy commissioner had on one occasion, shortly after the opening of a new line, sent his servant with his official letter bag to meet the train, and was much annoyed at seeing the man presently returning with it, having missed the train.

"You had not half a mile to go, and you knew that the train left the station at 8 o'clock!"

"Yes, truly, your majesty," replied the man in an aggrieved tone, "but when it strikes three here the train goes from there."

That was sharp practice of which he had no previous experience, and it was evident that he did not think it very creditable to the company.—Temple Bar.

Mr. Smith's Smile.

If a woman does not like a man, she can characterize him as no man ever could. A certain young man, Mr. Smith, was noted for an extraordinary and perennial smile. One of his lady schoolmates described a meeting with him thus: "As I was going out of church I saw a smile down by the door. When I came nearer I discovered that Mr. Smith was around it."—Christian Advocate.

Where India Ink Comes From.

India ink is made from burnt camphor and gum. The Chinese and Japanese are the only manufacturers of this ink. The process is a tedious one and requires great skill. The finer grades of India ink are delicately scented with attar of roses, and one stick about three inches long may cost four or five dollars. Age improves the ink.—Medical and Surgical Reporter.

THEIR FATE IS SEALED.

Several Large Cities To Be Wiped Out of Existence.

A CRANKY NORWEGIAN'S PROPHECY.

He Claims That God Has Appeared to Him on Four Different Occasions and Showed Him the Complete Destruction of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Chicago and Milwaukee—The Event to Occur on the 14th of April.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1.—Oakland, which is the bed-chamber of San Francisco, is wildly excited over the predictions of a clique of cranky prophets called the "Doom Sealers." They got this name by the same process as the "Spell Binders." They are the elect to whose clear vision is given a prophetic sight of the total destruction by earthquake and flood of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Chicago and Milwaukee on April 14. It seems almost incredible at first glance that any sane person could be led to believe such lunacy as this, as the prophets fail to explain how the rest of the country is to escape the same fate; but the fact is that several hundred disciples have been gathered in Oakland, who are prayerfully awaiting the dread day of the doom, and who propose to flee to the neighboring mountains for safety a full week before the waters roll in from the ocean.

Erickson's Prophecy.

John Erickson, formerly a Chicago man, is the one who has made the prophecy, which has been printed on a small folio sheet and scattered all over Oakland. It is as follows:

"I, George A. Erickson, of Fredrikshold, Norway, being in the spirit on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th of January, 1890, was shown by the Lord the coming destruction of the following cities: On the 24th I saw the destruction, by earthquake, of San Francisco and Oakland—the waves of the ocean coming also and covering them over, and the great ships on the bay being foundered. On Saturday, the 25th, I saw again the destruction of San Francisco and Oakland with that of Alameda. The Lord then revealed to me the date of destruction, viz., eighty days from that day—Saturday, Jan. 25, 1890. On Sunday, Jan. 26, in the morning I arose and made my morning prayer, and was again in the power of the spirit. Then God revealed to me that Chicago would be destroyed on the same date as San Francisco, Oakland, and Alameda. Sunday afternoon, being still at home, I had a vision about these four cities. God showed me a terrible pestilence in Africa. France starts war with Russia, and England shall be in the war also. Russia shall win at last, but France shall do great damage before that. In China there will be a great famine, and many thousands die. Floods and great heat in Australia. In North America there will be a great earthquake.

Swallowed Up by the Sea.

"On the 27th of January God showed me again the destruction of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Chicago and Milwaukee. Then the Lord showed me all the ships around San Francisco in the bay, and Oakland and Alameda and their piers and ferryboats, and showed me that there would be a great vortex and swallow them all up. Then he showed me the great city of Chicago and its railways, and that it would sink in the earthquake, and the waters of Lake Michigan would flow over it. It would appear no more. There should be heard no more whistle of the cars therein; no more voice of man; the name of Chicago even should be heard no more. The Lord then showed me the line of the Northwestern railway from Chicago to Milwaukee. He showed me that Milwaukee would sink like Chicago, in the same great earthquake, and that Lake Michigan would cover it the same as Chicago.

The Railways To Be Preserved.

"The cities of San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda will sink by the earthquake in four minutes. People, go to the mountains! You will be saved if you go to the mountains. The mountains will shake a little, but all will be saved who are on the tops of mountains. God told me that the people should leave for the mountains seven days before the earthquake. Those who have money should take it all with them, and just clothes enough to get along with and food for about three weeks. Then God showed me what the poor people should do. Oh, poor! go to the mountains if you have not a cent, because on the mountains the rich will help the poor. When they see the distress of these cities they shall all come down to one level. God shall melt the hearts of the rich. They shall get them tents and live in tents on the mountains. After three weeks they shall scatter and go to the eastern states. God will preserve the railways that they may go east on them. The rich will help the poor to flee away.

No More Chicago.

"God told me that there would be a new city built on the mountain side near the Golden Gate, called 'San Francisco Fall.' He showed me there shall be no more Oakland or Berkeley, but a place called 'San Pablo Saved.' Chicago will never be rebuilt. We are too near the end of the world, which will come in 1896. On both sides of the engulfment small cities will be built, 'Lake Michigan Destroyed' on the western side, and on the New York side 'Lake Michigan.' Each city will grow to about 25,000 inhabitants. War in Europe, after it has begun, will last until Jesus comes. There will be no war in America, but a hard time—pestilence, wind and storms."

Father and Son Meet Death.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., April 1.—A 4-year-old son of Capt. John Peterson of the schooner Minnie, lying at the oil docks at Black Tom's island, fell overboard and was drowned. The body was recovered and sent to the morgue. In the evening Capt. Peterson started for the city to arrange for the funeral. As he was crossing the Central railroad tracks he was struck by a train and killed. The body was sent to the morgue and placed beside that of the drowned boy.

The Cronin Jury Conspiracy.

CHICAGO, April 1.—The motion for a new trial entered by the attorneys of Jerry O'Donnell—who was convicted as being a party to the attempt to pack the Cronin jury—was decided by Judge Waterman Monday morning. The judge overruled the motion, holding that, although the prisoner was the only one on trial at the time of conviction, the evidence went to show that he had connection with the conspiracy.

Assignment at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, April 1.—Jennings, Bryan & Co., dealers in men's and women's furnishings, have made a general assignment for the benefit of creditors. No figures are given, but the liabilities are said to be quite heavy, the assets consisting of the stock on hand

A laundrymaid pretty and stout,
Was lately in trouble and doubt,
For her best counterpanes
Had some very black stains
But SANTA CLAUS SOAP took them out.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP—made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago.

A DANGEROUS PLANT.

It Sucks the Blood of Whatever Comes in Contact with It.

Leroy Dunstan, the well known naturalist of this city, who has recently returned from Central America, where he had spent nearly two years in the study of the flora and fauna of the country, relates the finding of a singular growth in one of the swamps about the great lakes of Nicaragua.

He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens in this swamp, which is known as San Sebastian's, when he heard his dog cry out as if in agony from a distance. Running to the spot from which the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, ropelike tissue of roots or fibers, the nature of which was unknown to him.

The plant or vine seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing stems, resembling more than anything else the branches of the weeping willow denuded of all foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan endeavored to cut the animal free, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in severing the fleshy, muscular fiber. To his horror and amazement the naturalist then saw that the dog's body was covered with blood, while his hairless skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots, and the animal staggered as if from weakness and exhaustion.

In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging grasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a grayish dark tinge, remarkably adhesive and of a disagreeable animal odor, very powerful and nauseating to inhale.

The native servants who accompanied Mr. Dunstan manifested the greatest horror of the vine, which they call la sagenas de diable, the devil's seine or snare, and were full of stories of its death dealing powers.

One of these stories was of an Englishman residing in Managua, who, while hunting in the swamp a few years ago, lay down beneath a tree where a large and powerful specimen of this singular plant was growing, and, inadvertently falling asleep, awoke to find himself enveloped in its web, and in spite of every effort made to extricate him, perished in its deadly embrace.

Another story was of an escaped convict who had hidden in the swamp, whose bones had been found in the folds of the sagenas only a short time before Mr. Dunstan's visit. These stories, remarkable as they seem, are firmly believed in by the people, but the only three specimens which Mr. Dunstan was able to find were all small ones, though the meshes of the largest would probably, if extended in a straight line, measure nearly, if not quite, 100 feet. He was able to discover very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its grasp can only be torn away with loss of skin and even of flesh, but, so near as Mr. Dunstan could ascertain, its power of suction is contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths or little suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food.

The gum exuded seems to serve the two fold purpose of increasing its tenacity and overcoming a victim by its sickening odor. The plant is found only in low, wet places, and usually beneath a large tree, and while dormant seems only a network of dry, dead vines covering the black earth for several feet, but coming into contact with anything will instantly begin to twist and twine upward in a horrible, life like manner, breaking out with the gum like substance spoken of before, and unwrap the object with a celerity almost incredible.

If the substance is animal the blood is drawn off and the carcass or refuse then dropped. A lump of raw meat being thrown it, in the short time of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drunk up and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief, it devouring at one time over ten pounds of meat, though it may be deprived of all food for weeks without any apparent loss of vitality. Mr. Dunstan attempted to bring away a root of the sagenas, but it died during his return voyage, growing so foul with a strong odor of real animal corruption that he was obliged to get rid of it.—New Orleans Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Hereditary.

"Where does Witticus get his humor?"

"He inherits his old jokes from his father, and his baby jokes from his little boy."—Harper's Bazar.

Why Some Cheap Books Do Not Sell.

"Since I have been in business I have learned a great deal about the public taste in reading matter," said a prominent newsdealer, "and if the publishing houses would follow the hints we could give there would be fewer unsuccessful books put upon the market.

"The paper covered novel has been very successful for some years, and now there isn't a publisher in the country who doesn't issue a 'series.' Inasmuch as several of these books are published every day, of course very few attain a sale of any consequence. In most cases this is the fault of the book, but I could cite instances where the failure was due to cupidity or lack of foresight on the part of the publisher.

"These novels sell for twenty-five or fifty cents, according to the length. There is no intermediate price. Some publishers, taking advantage of this, have padded a twenty five cent novel and charged fifty cents for it. This padding is all done in the printing. Extra heavy paper is used and the type is set in narrow columns. The book seems to contain a good deal, but the purchaser soon sees that he has been humbugged, and afterwards always examines more than the cover of the novel he buys. The wide margin, so dear to the heart of the book lover, is frowned upon by the novel reader. Often when he opens such a book in a hurry the wide margin gives him the impression that it is 'poetry,' and he drops it in a hurry. Nothing could exceed in intensity the novel reader's dislike to 'poetry.'"—New York Evening Sun.

A Human Stone Eater.

At Avignon, France, in 1760, a human stone eater was on exhibition for some time. He was not a "freak" or "fakir," but a real wild masticator of stones, found on an island between Iceland and the Swedish coast. He not only swallowed flints an inch or more in length, but reduced marbles, small pebbles and other rocks to a powder with his powerful teeth. Royal society physicians examined him and found his gullet very large and his saliva strong and corrosive. He would eat raw flesh with the stones, but could not be prevailed upon to swallow bread or other victuals. He would drink water, but much preferred brandy, and while under the influence of the liquor required twice his usual amount of stony food. When not eating or sleeping he smoked continually, sitting with one leg over the other, giving no heed to those passing around him. The flints he swallowed were, when voided, corroded and much diminished in weight, the rest of the excrement resembling pure mortar. He never learned to pronounce but a few words and soon died.—St. Louis Republic.

Greeley as a Farmer.

When Mr. Greeley lived at Chappaqua he wrote his celebrated book on farming, and insisted that his friend Jones should purchase a farm adjacent to his own. When he had ceased picturing the delights and advantages of such a residence, Mr. Jones asked him what he had raised that year.

"Well," said Mr. Greeley, "I had a good crop of hay."

"That is encouraging," said Mr. Jones. "I suppose you realized a profit from it."

"Not a great profit," was the answer. "You see I had the hay cured and got it into the barn all right before the rain came, but that did not save it."

"How was that?"

"There wasn't any roof on the barn!" —Harper's Weekly.

The Use of Arsenic.

A woman of ordinary intelligence ought to know without being told that arsenical toilet preparations are dangerous to the health, and yet not a week passes that I am not in receipt of letters, most of them showing thought and ability, asking me to recommend some cosmetic for the elimination of pimples, and requesting to be told if arsenic is as safe for an internal medicine as it is for a complexion wash. These correspondents know that arsenic is a deadly poison, and yet they talk about its use as if it were the simplest and safest drug in the world. Arsenical doses will put an end to pimples, and, what is more, an end to the life of the person using them.—Eleanor Kirk in Atlanta Constitution.

A Magnificent Water Plant.

The leaves of the Victoria regina attain a diameter of six feet. They are circular, with a raised rim like the rim of a shallow tin pan. The largest flowers are twenty-three inches across. They are white, with a yellow center, and exhale a wonderful perfume. The stems and leaves stretch out twenty feet from the plant. A board has been placed on one of the floating leaves, and a child 6 years of age has been sustained upon the board. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE MARQUIS DE MORES.

THE DARING CAREER OF THE CELEBRATED DUELIST.

His Unsuccessful Experiments in the Bad Lands of the West—A Mark for Assassins—Deeds of a Brave Man—He Was Ably Supported by His Wife.

The duel between the Marquis de Mores and M. Camille Dreyfus, in Europe, recalls the many famous exploits and deeds of De Mores a few years ago in our country. The marquis was certainly a most wonderful man, and deserved better treatment from the community in which he moved than he received.

He was a passenger aboard a Northern Pacific train one day that was shooting along from St. Paul, Minn., toward the setting sun. He was bound for the Bad Lands, where he was about to put into operation his gigantic, though unsuccessful, schemes of sheep raising and beef slaughtering.

For some reason or other the country was down on him. At every station we stopped a report would be received that at the Bad Lands station hundreds of cowboys and other tough citizens were waiting for the marquis, and that he would be riddled with bullets the moment he stepped from the train. The train pulled into the depot at the Bad Lands, and De Mores, with each hand carelessly laid, but ready for quick use, on a pair of handsome silver mounted repeaters, stepped out on the platform. Bad men galore crowded around him, but when they saw the plucky nerve of the young aristocrat they honored and respected him for it, and not a single arm in all that vast crowd was raised to do him the least harm.

A DIME NOVEL CHARACTER.

The story of his life in this country is quite interesting. He first landed at New York in August, 1882. Before long he became attracted by the stories of the new country along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad in Dakota and Montana, and soon afterward he came out in person to investigate for himself. With a sombrero on his head, a red shirt on his back, corduroy trousers tucked into very long legged boots, and with plenty of silver mounted jewelry in his belt, he pursued his investigation far and wide on horseback, and finally decided to found a city. He bought outright six square miles of land on the Little Missouri river, which was then considered to be, by the wise men of the northwest, about the very worst bit of earth on the whole North American continent. Hence the knowing ones shook their heads gravely and predicted ruin.

He built a rude shack of logs and mud which he furnished luxuriantly for his wife, secured large tracts of government land and bought numerous herds of cattle. At first the herders and roaming cowboys of the Bad Lands looked upon him to be an adventurous crank, who would surely leave the country after he had secured a few hunting trophies to carry back to Paris. They hated him because he had a servant and wore clean clothes. He was a "monopolist," they said, who was going to fence in the country. They tried to scare him away, but they found he had been a soldier once and would not scare. The cowboys said he had come to drive them all off their ranches. The hunters declared he was going to buy up their buffalo grounds; and, to own the truth, the young man did really act as if he were going to buy the earth.

Before many days he won the respect of his western neighbors in more ways than one, but still they took him to be a well plumed bird that ought to be plucked and who could be easily swindled. Their ire was raised to the highest pitch when the Marquis gained control of about 50,0000 acres of land in Montana, which took in the three principal trails through which the cattle were driven to the east, south and west.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

The cowboys began to shoot the Frenchman's cattle wholesale and menaced his herders when the latter were off duty. Appeals to the sheriff proved useless; so finding himself in a bad fix the Marquis determined to take the matter into his own hands and stop the matter himself. He declared if he found a man killing his animals he would shoot the rascals like he would a steer. In six months he was shot at by an unseen enemy no less than eighteen times. His most bitter foes were a man named Mitchell and an old buffalo hunter called Luffrey.

One day while riding over the prairie, accompanied by one of his most faithful followers, a man named Paddock, a bullet whistled by his head, the smoke curling from a little bunch of sage brush about 200 yards in front. Without a moment's hesitation the marquis dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed head foremost directly toward the ambush. The ringleader of the gang jumped to his feet and leveled a Winchester at the marquis; but the latter like a flash, and while going at full speed, drew his little silver mounted repeater, and the would be assassin fell in his tracks, to rise no more.

Another of the band was badly wounded, and the rest quickly leaping to their horses, sought safety in flight. The Frenchman was very popular after this little incident, for his marksmanship instilled a great deal of respect into the minds of the bloodthirsty herders, and there was peace in the Bad Lands from that time thenceforth. Nevertheless, he had three trials before justices of the peace for the so-called offense, and was three times acquitted; yet he was again indicted by a Dakota jury for murder, and languished in the Bismarck jail many days before he finally gained his freedom.

The Marquise de Mores is a lovely woman. She is an American, but thoroughly devoted to her brave husband. She is a handsome little brunette, one of the best lady rifle shots in the world, and she rides as well as she shoots.—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

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Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

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St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 17v E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

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St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet 1st hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

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Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 605 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1088 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnis, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

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St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 233 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 419 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—P Faxel, C R, 283 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Eolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 900 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

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Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3544 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 3274 State st.

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St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall. Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergrast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mullahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3750 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Healy; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 3726 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lase sts V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresbahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av, V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 716 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month. at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 23—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 25—Pres., William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V. P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres., John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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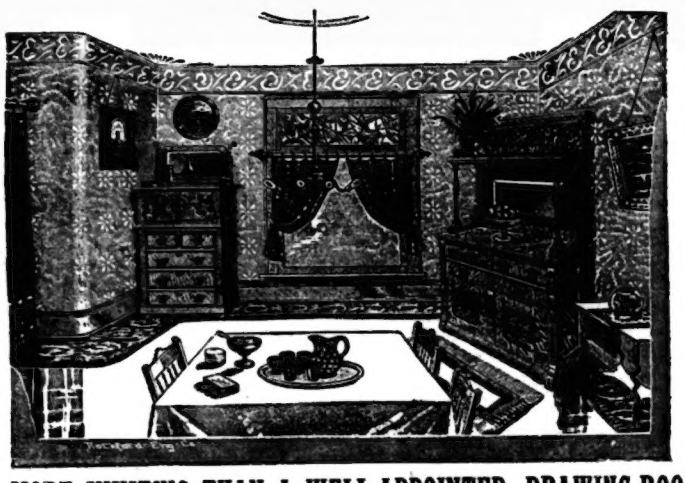

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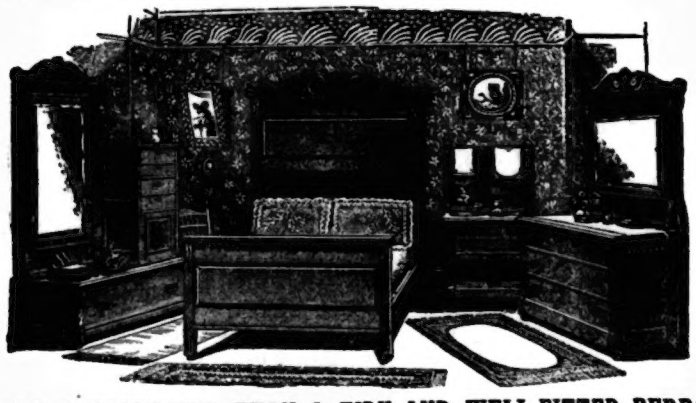

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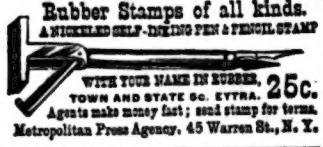

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ESTATE OF JOHN GRIFFIN, DEBTOR. The undersigned hereby gives notice that John Griffin, of Chicago, in the County of Cook, and State of Illinois, did, on the 4th day of March A. D. 1890, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said John Griffin are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Room 6 81 Clark street, Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date. PATRICK GARRETT, Assignee.

Dated March 19, 1890.
M. E. Ames, Attorney, Room 6 81 Clark-st.

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